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THE KIRK YARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Oh, the tomb in the kirk-yard gray,
All lichen-grown, and lichen-grown,
With Time and Death stamped on each
stone—
The letters hid 'neath moss and dust,
And the iron urn a-rust.

Over there in the kirk-yard gray,
All is quiet, calm and quiet;
Only wraithful winds hold riot,
And the wraith sings the long night through,
'Heath moon and mist and dew.

Oh, the years that slumber there!
The grass grows, and grasses grow,
The oaks are all aglow,
And in the paths the violets bloom
With a purplish, sleepy gleam.

Meady rest in the kirk-yard gray,
'Heath sun and moon, and moon and sun,
Sleeping, since all toil is done,
With tired hands so sweetly folded,
While the years wax dim and close.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN
OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PAPAZOS.

We will now return to Stronghand and Jose Parades, whom we have left too long at the top of the hill. The night passed without any incident, the majordomo sleeping like a man overcome by fatigue; as for the hunter, he awoke early. The sun had risen for a long time; it was nearly nine o'clock, but the hunter, forgetting apparently what he had said to his comrade, did not dream of departure. Jose Parades slept on. It was a magnificent day; the sky, swept by the night hurricane, was cloudless; the sun darted down its glowing beams; and yet the atmosphere, tempered by the storm, retained an agreeable freshness. The water was disappearing with a rapidly almost equalling that it had displayed in rising, being drunk by the thirsty and by the hot sunbeams; the plain had lost its lacustrine appearance; and all led to the supposition that by midday the ground would be firm enough to be ventured on in safety.

As the canoe was unnecessary, the hunter did not try to get it down from the tree; with his back bent against the larch tree, his hands folded, and his head bowed on his chest, he was thinking, and at times taking an anxious glance at his sleeping comrade. At length the majordomo turned, stretched out his arms and legs, opened his eyes, and gave a formidable yawn.

"Caramba!" he said, as he measured the height of the sun; "I fancy I have forgotten myself; it must be very late."
"Ten o'clock," the hunter answered, with a smile.

"Ten o'clock!" Jose exclaimed, as he leaped up; "and you have let me idle thus instead of waking me."

"You slept so soundly, my friend, that I had not the courage to do so."
"Hum!" Parades replied, half-laughing, half-angered; "I know not whether I ought to complain or thank you for this weakness, for we have lost precious time."

"Not at all; see, the water has disappeared; the ground is growing firm again, and when the great heat of the day is spent, we will mount our horses and catch up in a few hours the time you are regretting."
"That is true, and you are right, comrade," said the majordomo, as he looked around with the practiced glance of a man accustomed to a desert life. "Well, as it is so," he added, with a laugh, "suppose we breakfast—for that will enable us to kill some time."

"Very good," the hunter replied, good humoredly. They breakfasted as they had supped, on the previous night. When the hunter for starting at length arrived, they quitted their horses and led them down the hill; for the ascent which they had ascended so actively by night, under the impulse of the pressing danger that threatened them, now proved extremely steep, abrupt, and difficult. When they mounted, Stronghand said:

"My friend, I am going to take you to an *atopel* or *two* red-skin. Do you consider that disagreeable?"

"Not personally, but I will ask what advantage my master can derive from it?"
"That question I am unable to answer at the moment. You must know, though, that we are taking this step on your master's behalf—and that his affairs, instead of suffering by it, will be greatly benefited."

"Let us go, then. One word, however, first. Are the red-skins, to whom we are proceeding, a long distance off?"

"It would be almost a journey for any person but us."

"Hum!" said Parades.

"But you and I," the hunter continued, "who are true guides, and who have also the advantage of being well mounted, will



SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF SPARROW HAWK.

reach the village at three or four o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the latest."

"Is that safe, it is not very distant?"

"I told you so," the hunter said suddenly, turning to his companion.

"And in what direction is the village?"

"You must have often heard it spoken of, if chance has never led your footsteps hither."

"Why so?"

"Because it is only a dozen leagues at the most from the Hacienda del Toro."

"Wait a minute," the majordomo said, frowning like a man who is collecting his thoughts; "you are right—I have never been to that village, it is true, but I have often heard it spoken of. Is not one of the chiefs a white man?"

The hunter blushed slightly.

"So people say," he answered.

"Is it not strange," the majordomo continued, "that a white man should consent to abandon entirely the society of his fellows to live with savages?"

"Why so?"

"Hang it! because the Indians are devoid of reason, as everybody knows."

The hunter gave his companion a glance of indefinable meaning, slightly shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply; probably from the reason that he had too much to say, and considered the majordomo's rather heavy mind incapable of appreciating it.

The day passed without any occurrence to interrupt the monotony of their ride, which they continued with great speed till night, only stopping from time to time to shoot a few birds for supper. Galloping, talking, and smoking, they at length reached the spot where they intended to bivouac. The road they had followed in no way resembled the one the majordomo had taken on leaving the hacienda, although they were returning in the direction of Arizpe. This resulted from the fact that Parades had kept in the regular road, while this time the two men rode Indian fashion, that is to say, straight ahead, without troubling themselves about roads. They galloped on as the bird flies, crossing mountains and swimming rivers whenever they came to them, without losing time in seeking a ford.

This mode of travelling, generally adopted by the woodrangers of the savannah, where the only roads are tracks made by the wild beasts, would not be possible in civilized countries, where there are so many towns and villages; but in Mexico, especially on the Indian border, towns are excessively rare; by riding in this way distances are marvellously shortened and a considerable tract is covered between two sunrises. This is what happened to the two adventurers; for in one day they went a greater distance than Parades had done in eight and forty hours, though he was well mounted. At night they camped in a wood beyond the Hacienda del Toro, which building they saw rising gloomy and tranquil like an eagle's nest on the top of its rock, and they passed close to it during the afternoon.

The country assumed a wilder and more abrupt aspect; the grass was thicker, the trees were larger, older, and closer together; it was evident that the travellers were at the extreme limit of civilization, and would soon find themselves in the Red territory, although nominally, at least on the maps, this territory figured among the possessions of the Mexican Confederation.

The two men, after lighting their watches, roused with good appetite, rolled themselves in their sarapes, and fell asleep, trusting to the instinct of their horses to warn them of the approach of any enemy, whether man or wild beast, that attempted to surprise them during their slumbers. But nothing disturbed them; the night was quiet; at sunrise they awoke, mounted, and con-

tinued their journey, which would only take a few hours longer.

"I am mistaken," the hunter said suddenly, turning to his companion.

"How so?" the latter asked.

"Because," Stronghand replied, "I told you yesterday we should not reach the *atopel* till the afternoon."

"Well?"

"We shall be there by eleven o'clock."

"Caramba! That is famous news."

"When we have crossed that hill we shall see the village a short distance ahead of us, picturesquely grouped on the side of another hill, and running into the plain, where the last houses are built on the banks of a pretty little stream, whose white and rapid waters serve as a natural rampart."

"Tell me, comrade, what do you think of the reception that will be offered us?"

"The Papazos are hospitable."

"I do not doubt it; unluckily, I have no claims to the kindness of the red-skins. Moreover, I know that they are very suspicious, and never like to see white men enter their villages."

"That depends on the way in which white men try to enter them."

"There is another reason which, I confess, supplies me with reason for grave thought."

"What is it?"

"It is said—mark me, I do not assert it—"

"All right; go on."

"It is said that the Papazos are excited, and on the point of revolting, if they have not done so already."

"They rose in insurrection some days ago," Stronghand coolly answered.

"That?" the majordomo exclaimed, greatly startled, "and you are leading me to them?"

"Why not?"

"Because we shall be massacred, that's all."

The hunter shrugged his shoulders.

"You are mad."

"I am mad—I am mad!" Parades repeated, shaking his head very dubiously; "it pleases you to say that, but I am not at all delirious, if I can avoid it, of thus placing myself in the power of men who must be my enemies."

"I repeat that nothing will happen to you. *Viva Dios!* do you fancy me capable of leading you into a snare?"

"No; on my honor that is not my thought; but you may be mistaken, and credit such savages with feelings they do not possess."

"I am certain of what I assert. Not only have you nothing to fear, but you will have an honorable reception."

"Honorable!" the majordomo remarked, with an air of incredulity; "I am not very certain of that."

"You shall see. Woe to the man who dared to hurt a hair of your head while you are in my company."

"Who are you, to speak thus?"

"A hunter, nothing else; but I am a friend of the Papazos, and adopted son of one of their tribes; and every man, though he were the mortal enemy of the nation, must for my sake, be received as a brother by the sachems and warriors."

"Well, be it so," the majordomo muttered, in the tone of a man forced in his last entrenchments, and who resolves to make up his mind.

"Besides," the hunter added, "any hesitation would now be useless and perhaps dangerous."

"Why so?"

"Because the Indians have their scouts scattered through the woods and over the plain already; they saw and signalled our approach long ago, and if we attempted to

turn back, it would justly appear suspicious; and then we should suddenly see Indians rise all round us, and be immediately made prisoners, before we even thought of defending ourselves."

"Demonic!" that makes the matter singular, comrade; then you believe we have been seen already?"

"Would you like to have a proof on the spot?" the hunter asked, laughing.

"Well, I should not mind, for I should then know what I have to expect."

"Well, I will give you the proof."

The travellers had reached the foot of the hill, and were at this moment concealed by the tall grass that surrounded them. Stronghand stopped his horse, and imitated the cry of the hawk twice. Almost immediately the grass parted, an Indian bounded from a thick clump of trees with the lightness of an antelope, and stopped two yards from the hunter, on whom he fixed his black, intelligent eyes, without saying a word. The apparition of the Red-skin was so sudden, his arrival so unexpected, that, in spite of himself, the majordomo could not restrain a start of surprise.

This Indian was a man of three and twenty years of age at the most, whose exquisite proportions made him resemble a statue of Florentine bronze; the whole upper part of his body was naked; his unadorned hair hung in disorder over his shoulders; his clothing merely consisted of trousers sewn with horsehair, fastened round the loins by a belt of tanned leather, and tied at the ankles. A tomahawk and a scalping knife—weapons which the Indians never lay aside—hung from his belt, and he leaned with careless grace upon a long rifle of American manufacture. The hunter bowed, and after stretching out his arm, with the palm turned down and the fingers straight, said in a gentle voice—"Was! the Wacousta protects me, since the first person I see, on returning to my people, is Sparrow Hawk."

The young Indian bowed his head in assent, kept back wards, and disappeared in the thicket whence he had emerged, with such rapidity, that if the grass had not continued to undulate after his departure, his apparition would have seemed like a dream.

"We can now start again," the hunter said to the majordomo, who was utterly confounded.

"Let us go!" the latter answered, mechanically.

"Well," answered Stronghand, "do you now believe that you have anything to fear among the Papazos?"

"Excuse me; as you said, I was a madman to fear it."

They crossed the plain, following a wild-beast track, which, after numberless windings, reached a ford, and in about an hour

they arrived at the bank of the river. Twelve Papazos Indians, dressed in their war-garbs and mounted on magnificent horses, were standing motionless and in single file in front of the ford. As soon as they perceived the two travellers, they uttered loud shouts and dashed forward to meet them, firing their guns, brandishing their weapons, and waving their white female buffalo robes—which, by-the-by, only the most reserved sachems of the nation have the right to wear. The two white men, on their side, opened their horses, responding to the shouts of the Indians, and firing their guns. All at once, at a signal from one of the chiefs, all the horsemen stopped, and arranged themselves round the travellers, to act as an escort. The whole party crossed the ford and entered the village, amid the deafening shouts of the women and children, with which were intermingled the bark of dogs, the hoarse notes of the shells, and the shrill rounds of the *atopels*.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ATOPEL.

Many persons imagine that all Indians are alike, and that the men acquainted with the manners of one tribe know them all. This is a serious error, which it is important to dissipate. Among the Indians, properly so called—that is to say, the aborigines of America—will be found as many differences in language, dialect, etc., as among the nations of the Old Continent, if not more. The number of dialects spoken by the Indians is infinite; the manners of one nation form a complete contrast with those of another living only a few leagues away; and any person who, after travelling for some time in the Far West, asserted that he was thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Indians and their mode of life, would be quite deceived; and more serious still, would deceive those whom he pretended to instruct.

The Indians are divided into two great families: the cultivating Indians—that is to say, those who are sedentary and attached to the soil they till; and hunter or nomadic Indians, who have a great resemblance to the Tomaricks of Africa and the Tartars of Asia. The hunting Indians, known as *Indios Bravos*, inhabit leathery huts, easy of transport from one place to another, and only remain stationary so long as the country supplies them with the necessary furs for their horses, and the game indispensable for the men. The same Indians, or *Indios Bravos*, on the other hand, are permanently established at a carefully-selected spot; they have built actual houses, in which they shelter themselves and keep their winter provisions. These Indians though they follow the customs of their fathers, recognize the Mexican laws, obey them absolutely, are apparent Christians, though they secretly practice all the rites of their old faith; and their chief assumes the title of *Alcalde*. In a word, they are nearly as much civilized as the majority of the *criollos*.

The confederation of the Papazos was composed of several nations, combining both *Indios Manos* and *Indios Bravos*. The latter, though nomadic, and consequently nomadic, had, in the heart of unexplored forests or the gorges of the Sierra Madre, their winter villages—a collection of huts made of branches, and covered with mud, where, in the event of war, their squaws found refuge, and which served them, after an expedition, to hide the plunder they had made.

The *Gileno*s, whose powerful nation was composed of one hundred and eighteen distinct tribes, each of which had its private totem or standard, formed the principal branch of the Confederation of the Papazos. The *Gileno*s are essentially agricultural. At a period which it would be impossible to state with certainty, because the Indians do not write anything down, but trust to tradition, the *Gileno*s nation, which proudly calls itself the "Queen of the Prairies," and asserts, perhaps justly, that it is descended in a straight line from the *Chichimeques*, the first conquerors of Mexico, was divided into two parts after a council held by the chiefs, for the sake of terminating a dispute that threatened to degenerate into a civil war. One half the nation continued to wander in the immense prairie of the Far West, and retained the name of *Gileno*s. The other tribes settled on the banks of the Rio Gila, gave up hunting for agriculture, while retaining their independence, and only nominally obeying the *Spaniards* and *Mexicans*. Eventually they received the name of *Gileno*s, from the river on whose banks they originally settled. But, although separated, the two divisions of the *Gileno*s nation continued to maintain friendly relations, recognized each other as springing from the same stem, and helping one another whenever circumstances demanded it.

The *Gileno*s plied preserved the faith of their fathers, maintained their customs, among others that of never drinking spirituous liquors; and never permitted the Mexican Government to establish among them that system of conscription and tribute under which it mercilessly hews the other Indian nations. The *Gileno*s villages are distinguished from all the others by their singular construction, which admirably displays the character of this people. We will attempt to convey an idea of them to the reader.

Stronghand had pointed out to the majordomo clusters of stored houses, suspended

as it were from the flank of the hill. But these houses were only built temporarily, and in case of an alarm on the village would be immediately destroyed. The hill, however, in every sense of the word, was a natural fortification. In the center of the village, on a hill of considerable height, stood a large, square, stone building, which served as the bed of an important stream. On either side of this building the Indians had built a massive, circular wall, of a height of about twenty feet, and a thickness of about six feet. These walls were built of stone, and were so constructed that they could be entered by a ladder, which was drawn up each night; for as a last and essential precaution, the doors were sixty feet from the ground, in order to guard against surprise.

Nothing could be more curious or picturesque than the appearance offered at a distance by this strange village, with its two massive towers, having ladders for stairs, up and down which people were constantly moving. A few days previously, for greater safety, and to guard against a surprise, the chiefs had a trench dug, and a palisade erected, composed of stakes fastened together by lianas. The Indians had taken this precaution to prevent their horses, on which they especially calculated for the success of the meditated expedition, being carried off by surprise, as so frequently happens on the border.

The travelers were conducted with great ceremony by the chiefs, who had come to receive them at the entrance of the village, to the square, on one side of which stood the "Ark of the First Man," on the other, "The Great Medicine Lodge, or Council Hut." During the ride the major-domo, who was among the crowd, several individuals belonging to the white race, and mentioned to his comrade.

"You are not mistaken," the latter replied; "several Mexicans reside in the village and trade with the Indians; but that must not surprise you, for you are aware that the Indians are maniacs. Nay, here is a monk."

In fact, at this moment a stout, rubicund monk crossed the square, distributing blessings right and left, of which the Indians seemed to take but little notice.

"These worthy Frayles," the hunter continued, "lead here a rather monastic life, but in spite of the trouble they take, they cannot succeed in making proselytes. The Guanches are too attached to their religion to accept another; still, as they are too savage to be intolerant," he added, ironically, "they allow those poor monks entire liberty, on the express condition that they do not interfere with them. They have even permitted them to build a chapel, a very poor and simple edifice, in which a few passing adventures offer up their prayers, for the inhabitants of the village never set foot in it."

"I will go to it," said Paredes.

"And you will act rightly. However, I will do this justice to the four monks who, through a love of propriety, have confined themselves to this forsaken nook, of stating that they bear an excellent reputation, and the good they do, and are generally beloved and respected by the population. This praise is the more valuable, because the Mexican clergy do not enjoy a great reputation for sanctity."

"But now that war is declared, what will become of these monks?"

"What do you think? They will remain peacefully, without feeling insult or annoyance. However, savage the Indians may be, they are not so savage, as to make the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty."

"Forgive me, Stronghand, if I remark that I notice, with sorrow, in your mode of expressing yourself, a certain bitterness which seems to me unjust. The secret sympathies of an honest man ought not, in any case, to render him partial."

"I assure that I am wrong, my friend. When you know me better, you will be indulgent, I doubt not, to this weakness which I frequently unconsciously display in my language. But here we are at the square, and other more urgent matters claim all our attention."

The plaza, which the travelers now reached, formed a parallelogram, and rose with a gentle ascent to the foot of the tower on the left of the village. In front of the council-lodge stood three men, whom it was easy to recognize as the principal chiefs of the village by their hair of racoon skin, surrounded by a gold gorilla, and the silver counted came which they held in their right hand.

The promotion halted before the audience, or, to use the Indian term, the audience. The latter were men of a ripe age, with a haughty and imposing mien. The eldest of them, who stood in the center, had in his look and the expression of his features something indescribably majestic. He appeared about sixty years of age; a long white beard fell in wavy flakes on his chest; his tall form, his broad forehead, his black eyes, and his slightly aquiline nose, rendered him a very remarkable man. He did not wear the Indian costume, but that adopted by the hunters and woodsmen; a blue cotton shirt, fastened round his hips by a leather girdle, which held his arms and ammunition, wide calzoneras of deer-hide buckled below the knee, and heavy boots, whose heels were armed with formidable spurs, the wheel of which was as large as a wheel.

In conclusion, the personage we have attempted to describe did not belong to the Indian race, as could be seen at the first glance; but in addition, the fine, elegant, nervous type of the pure Spanish race could be noticed in him. The major-domo could not check a start of surprise at the sight of this man, whose presence seemed to him incomprehensible at such a place and among such people. He leaned over to Stronghand, and asked him, in a low voice, cloaked by involuntary emotion,—"Who is that man?"

"You can see," the hunter replied, dully, "he is the Alcalde Mayor of the pueblo. But several persons surrounding us are surprised to see us conversing in whispers."

Paredes held his tongue, though his eyes were obstinately fixed on the man to whom the hunter had ironically given the title of the Alcalde Mayor. A little to the rear of the chief, a warrior was holding a totem of the tribe, representing a condor, the sacred bird of the Incas. A crowd of Indians of both sexes, mostly all armed, filled the square, and pressed forward to witness a scene which was not without a certain grandeur. Several of the procession halted, Sparrow Hawk dismounted and walked up to the

"Fathers of my nation," he said, "the

Great Bear of our tribe has returned, bringing with him a pale-face, his friend."

"He is welcome," the three chiefs answered, unanimously, "as well as his friend, whoever he may be; so long as he promises to remain among us he will be regarded as a brother."

The hunter then advanced, and bowed respectfully to the audience.

"Thanks for myself and friend," he said; "the journey we have made was long, and we are worn with fatigue. May we be permitted to take a few hours' rest?"

The Indians were astonished to hear the hunter, a man of iron power, whose reputation for vigor was well established among them, speak of the fatigue he felt. But understanding that he had secret reasons for asking this, no one made a remark.

"Stronghand and his friend are at liberty to proceed to the hall prepared for them," one of the chiefs answered. "Sparrow Hawk will guide them."

The two adventurers bowed respectfully, and preceded by Sparrow Hawk, passed through the crowd, which opened before them, and proceeded to the hall appointed for them. As soon as the travelers reached the hall, Sparrow Hawk returned, after whispering a few words in the ear of the hunter. The latter replied by a sign of assent, and then turned to the major-domo, who was already engaged in unsealing his horse.

"You are at home, comrade," he said to him; "use this house as you think proper. I have to see a person to whom I will introduce you presently. I will, therefore, leave you for the present, but I shall not be absent long."

And without awaiting an answer, the hunter turned his horse, and started at a gallop.

"Hum!" the Mexican muttered, as soon as he was alone, "all this is not clear; did I do wrong in trusting to this man? I will be on my guard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Conscientious Quaker.
David Davis, one of the early citizens of Lewiston, Maine, now gone to his reward, was a most excellent Quaker—a man of unspotted integrity. Some time before his death he went to his son-in-law, A. Wakefield, Esq., and said to him: "I bear there a pasture for sale (naming it) for one hundred dollars, and I believe I'll buy it."

He bought it, but told the owner it was worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and paid the owner that sum for it. Shortly after, the person of whom Mr. D. bought the pasture wanted a loan of forty dollars, and Mr. Davis granted him the loan, asking his note for that sum. Before long, Mr. Davis was taken ill, and feeling that this was his last illness, he called Mr. Wakefield to his bedside and said to him:

"I have a note for forty dollars against Mr. A., and I want thee, after I am gone, to destroy it."

Mr. W., wondering and asking an explanation, he said:

"Thou knowest I bought that pasture of Mr. A., and I didn't pay him as much as it was worth, and I don't feel that he ought to pay me that note."

"But," said Mr. W., "you paid him all and more than he asked for the land."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "that is true, but it makes no difference—it's worth forty dollars more than I paid him, and I want that note destroyed."

Shortly after Mr. Davis passed away, and Mr. Wakefield, in the performance of his duty as administrator, looking up the deceased's effects, came upon this note. It was a good note for forty dollars; but, in accordance with the good old Quaker's dying request, he threw it into the fire.

Not long afterwards Mr. A., of whom the pasture was bought, called on Mr. Wakefield and said:

"You've got something against me, haven't you?"

"What is it for?" said Mr. W.

"I gave a note to Mr. Davis for forty dollars, money borrowed of him, and I want to pay it."

"I have no such note," said Mr. W.

"But his estate certainly holds such a note against me."

"I can't help it; we're none now."

Very soon Mr. Wakefield expired the mystery, and tears rolled down the astonished man's face as he learned that the note had been burned—a witness to the wonderful conscientiousness and integrity of the sure-footed Quaker, one of the worthy first settlers of Lewiston. Such men will do for any age—the more the better.

BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF PARIS many persons were arrested every day on suspicion that they were in communication with the enemy. Foreigners were regarded with black looks, and every one who did not hate the Germans was suspected of being in the pay of Bismarck. An English gentleman was suddenly requested, on one occasion, to accompany two National Guards to the nearest commissary. On inquiring the reason he was told that a woman had heard him speak German. He replied that he was English. "Za ze salt soon a ze," said one of his captors. "I speak English like an Englishman; addresse to me the word in English." The pit-oner politely replied that the gentleman spoke English with so perfect an accent that he thought he must be a fellow-countryman. This compliment so alarmed the Guards that they released him.

NAPOLEON'S MENTAL DISCIPLINE.—"Different affairs are arranged in my head," said Napoleon, "as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of the mind. If I wish repose, I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have never slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

THE KANSAS CITY BULLETIN honors the rule that when you do lie, you shouldn't half do it, by getting it the following bonanza: "A Missouri farmer wrote to Horace Greeley to know if silk culture could be made profitable in Missouri. The veteran agriculturist of the Tribune thought it could. The same farmer also inquired as to the probable profit of raising broom corn in the state. Mr. Greeley felt assured that it would be profitable—but advised his correspondent to raise the plant-handled variety of broom, inasmuch as they were a more hardy variety than those with red and blue rings around the handles."

DRUGGED GLASSES are used by police plainclothes on Eastern railway trains.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$35. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address: HENRY PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.
We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

IN ANSWER TO M. E. C., of Morristown, N. J., we would say that we have no reason to doubt that Zeller's Encyclopedia is an excellent and very useful work.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH FOR FEBRUARY. Contains "Alcoholic stimulants as Afflicting Mentality," "Habits of Society," "Signs in Hygiene," and other good articles. Published by Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Light Street, New York.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORLD FOR JANUARY. An illustrated monthly, devoted to photography. Edited by EDWARD WILSON. Published by Brownson & Wilson, Philadelphia.

THE SEA-LARK. A Novel. By T. B. ABOLITH'S CHILDREN, author of "Glorious George," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Book, Philadelphia.

THE TRANSLANTIC. The March number of this magazine contains its usual excellent assortment of articles from the English periodicals. For sale by W. S. Turner, 808 Chestnut street Philadelphia.

FOREIGN NEWS.
BORDEAUX, Feb. 17.—At to-day's session of the National Assembly, a resolution was introduced proposing that for Chief Executive, with authority to nominate a Ministry, but providing that the power of the Republic should be exercised under the control of the Assembly. The resolution bears the signature of Dufaure, De Malville, Vite, and Saint-Hilaire.

A majority of the Assembly are favorable to the proposal to appoint Jules Chief of Executive Power. The military force posted outside the Assembly chamber was doubled to-day. M. Grévy has assumed the Presidency. All the elections in the Department of the Seine were confirmed.

The Fashions.
Eye-glasses, where they are not necessary, are worn only for style, and to be discarded. It seems that the weaker sex find them inconvenient when they wish to turn up their nose at anything, for if they are not a light fit they drop off, and in picking them up an expression of scorn is looted.

Heels are coming down a little, too, and though at the present nothing but the high Polish boot is worn, I am informed by a celebrated manufacturer that a low shoe, with strap and buckle over the instep, and will be regulation style next summer, and will be known as the "Eugenie." Pretty enough, but I cannot see the appropriateness of the name unless it is expected that somebody will "put their foot in it."

Queen Victoria has been enlightening her subjects upon the proper pronunciation of the Princess Helena's name. It should not be pronounced *Hel-e-na*, with the accent on the second *a*, but *Hel-e-na* with the accent on the *i*. As Shakespeare says:—"My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!"

A babe was smothered to death in a sleigh in Westmoreland county recently, it having been wrapped up too carefully and placed under the robe in the lap of its mother.

A Life Insurance Canvasser.

"You know Grubbe, General Agent of the Adorable Life Insurance Company, don't you?" inquired Green Jones.

"Yes," replied Green Jones. "He came along here about a year ago now. I thought he was a swindler. But as he was an empty-headed fellow, I made up my mind to believe he was a life insurance agent."

The way he told it, not a single man had taken hold of the Adorable, for the last hundred and fifty years, and made less than five thousand a year and expense.

One agent had cleared \$150,000 in eight years.

Another had laid aside \$125,000 in six years. Another still (peculiar case that was, though—man particularly adapted to the work). He built up such a business in the short space of five years, that he actually overhauled the company. They had to force him out as a measure of self-protection. Averaged twenty thousand dollars a year clear of all expenses while he was in, and the company paid him \$100,000 in a lump for his services, besides, when he went out.

Well, I didn't care much about being such an agent as that—the Internal Revenue officers would always be bothering me so. But finally I concluded (seeing the thing was so common and easy) that I would turn in and make eight or ten thousand a year, for eight years, and then retire on my retirement money.

Grubbe pointed me up till he said I could "go it." Then he went on home and left me to "go it" alone.

The town was strange to me a year ago, and every one in it a stranger. One locality seemed just as good as another to begin in, as it were. So I sauntered leisurely down the street this morning after Grubbe left, and saw the first store I came to.

I wasn't going to let anybody see but that I had all the self-possession necessary for my branch of business.

Nobody in sight. I lounged along among the boxes, and brooms, and odd-fish piles, in a sort of cheeky, familiar way, till I got to the back office. There I found a large middle-aged man, sitting alone, reading a newspaper.

He looked up over his paper rather suspiciously as I entered. Then he said, "Good-morning!" coolly and dubiously.

I was very intent on my errand by that time—so intent that I wholly neglected to answer him.

I halted out my rate-book and opened it. The paper was laid aside ominously, his gaze still riveted on me.

With hand kind of trembling and knees shaking a little I began:

"Mister, did you ever consider the subject of—"

I didn't finish that sentence, for down started a two-dollar and a half pair of spectacles. Up bounced two hundred pounds of well-developed bone and sinew. A round the room, agile as a French dancing-master, it went hopping. Like a wild bull in a slaughter yard it roared:

"The d— and C—! Six life insurance agents, and it ain't six o'clock yet!" [Here I began to cringe.] "I won't stand it another minute. Here, Tig! sick 'em!"

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domestication, we learn that within the same period some of the characteristics of the same species may be lost at all changed, some a little, and some greatly changed. Thus man has been modified in his character, and his body has undergone a great amount of modification in certain characters in comparison with the lower apes.

The early progenitors of man were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, serving the proper muscles. Their limbs and bodies were also acted on by many muscles which now only occasionally reappear, but are normally present in the Quadrumania. The foot, judging from the condition of the great-toe in the foot, was then prehensile; and our progenitors, no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm, forest-clad land. The males were provided with great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons.

At a still earlier period the progenitors of man must have been aquatic in their habits; for morphology plainly tells us that our lungs consist of a modified swim-bladder, which once served as a float. The shape of the neck in the embryo of man shows where the branchial once existed.

The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvae of existing Ascidians. These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes, as lowly organized as the Isopods; and from these fishes like the Lepidosteus, much have been developed. From such fish a very small advance would carry us on to the amphibians. We have seen that birds and reptiles were once intimately associated together; and the Monotremata, now in a slight degree, connect mammals with reptiles. But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes, namely, mammals, birds, and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrate classes, namely, amphibians and fishes. In the class of mammals the steps are not difficult to conceive which led from the ancient Monotremata to the recent Marsupials; and from these to the early progenitors of the placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the Lemniscata; and the interval is not wide from these to the Simia. The Simia then branched off into two great stems, the New World and the Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded.

Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man; and this, in one sense, is strictly true, for he owes his birth to a long line of progenitors. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we willfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble oration is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiased mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvellous structure and properties.

Miss Alice Cary, the popular American poetess and author, died in New York city, on February 12th. In a criticism on her works, the Westminster Review says, "No American woman has evinced in prose or poetry anything like the genius of Alice Cary." Folderol.

Men are not behind women in their fashionable make-up. That young man's tremendous shoulders, that seem a tower of defense to the weak little oppressed sisterhood are half stuffing. Get a needle—a knitting needle—and start out in search of the flax and extensors of that good right arm. Harpoon him with perfect safety; it's all cotton. His little shoulders lives away back under a sort of shawl-gambled roof—an embankment. There's an unnatural calmness about the fit of a man's coat on the shoulder that should indicate to the careless observer the actual state of things. But it don't.

Men sometimes get credit for great liberality, when they are really doing very dishonest things—giving away other people's money.

"You be paged," as the artist said when he sent his picture to the gallery.

A young lady in Montreal, who has had the misfortune to lose both her legs, has received, we are told, over a dozen offers of marriage during the past year; and, what is more extraordinary, she refused them all, though one of the suitors was a member of the Dominion Parliament. The young woman is highly accomplished, speaks seven languages, and is said to charm everybody who comes near her. For a quiet, stay-at-home spouse, she would be invaluable.

It is said that Edwin Forrest is the richest of all the American actors, being worth nearly \$1,500,000; and that Joseph Jefferson and John E. O'Connell next.

Let the example of Moltke cheer old men, and make many young ones more modest.

War-fare—Famine.
The competitors in San Francisco "embrace many ladies." The competitors in San Francisco ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Very much disgrusted must have been the gentleman down East, who induced a poor Wilhelm to pay \$75 for six acres of worthless, stony hill land, in Munroe, Me. Taffy has opened up a magnificent slate quarry, which he sold for \$16,000.

A New England journal concludes an affectionate obituary notice of a lamented townsman by saying: "He has filled many offices of public trust, and now fills his grave with perfect satisfaction to his fellow-citizens."

Attached to some six or eight busts in the studio of Powers at Florence, are cards with the names and prices, and a statement that they have been ordered and never paid for. Mr. Powers says he has been forced to take this means of protecting himself against those who would gratify their vanity by giving an order for a bust, and never pay for it.

A tradesman who had failed in the city of Bangor, wrote on his front

HEALTH? BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH

BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
HADWAY'S SANSAPARILLA

RAJAWAY'S SARAFAFARILLIAN
RESOLVENT WAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURE.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID AND THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS

TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FEELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Swell, Scald Head,
Wine Wore, Salt Rheum, Eruptions

Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats.

Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of
RADWAY'S SASSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
and a few days' use will prove to any person using it
for either of these forms of disease, its potent power

for either of these forms of disease, the patient goes
to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 57 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists. catt-67

Unanswerable Arguments.
Established facts are silent arguments which neither pen nor tongue can shake, and it is upon established facts that the reputation of HOSTESS

TER'S STOMACH BITTER, as a health-preserving elixir, and a wholesome and powerful remedy, is based. When witnesses come forward to corroborate year after year, and reiterate the same statements in relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine,

relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine upon *themselves*, disbelief in its efficacy is *literally* impossible. The credentials of this unequalled tonic and alterative, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, include individuals of every class, and

twelve years include individuals of every age, and residents of every clime, and refer to the most prevalent among the complaints which afflict and harass the human family. Neither a multitude of people, strangers to each other, have annually been seized with an insane and motiveless desire to destroy the

with an insatiable and motiveless desire to deceive the public, or HONESTY'S BITTERS, for no less than a fifth of a century, have afforded such relief to sufferers from indigestion, fever and ague, biliousness, general debility, and nervous disorders as no other preparation has ever imparted. To-day

while the eyes of the reader are upon these hundreds of thousands of persons, of both sexes, are relying upon the Bitters as a sure defence against the ailments which the present season engenders, and their confidence is not misplaced. The local poison

which interested dealers sometimes endeavor to foist upon the sick in the stand are everywhere making the fate that is due to fraud and imposture, while the demand for the great vegetable specific is constantly increasing.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED BY
LEHIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and free
 literature from
 Address, Dr. T. P. BURT, 727 Sixth Avenue, New
 York.
 jan1-1911

**FOR BOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES
AND TAN,**

use **PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LO-
TION.** It is reliable and harmless. Sold by drug
stores everywhere. Depot, 40 Bond st., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.
For Pimples Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms,
or Grease, and Blotched Disfigurements on the Face,
use **PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE**

Who's sale in Philadelphia by JONES, HOLLAND & COMPANY, 603 Arch St. jan-3m

TABLE 1

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. Harvey Beale, Joseph Funston to Anna Maria Luntz, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hunter, D. D. Wm. B. P. Everhart to Julia Tracy, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. F. L. Bush,
THOMAS L. STORT to JOSEPHINE S. WOOD, both of this
city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Charles Logan,
MR. WM. H. MILLER to MISS CLAUDINE FRASER,
both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Hartley

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. L. Withersow, James M. H. Somers to Anna A. Keen both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William Clough, Mr. Joseph Thomas to Miss Louise Clark both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. L. Withersow, Mr. Frank C. Hall to Miss Ruth A. P. Johnson.

MR. FRANK C. HILL, 1115 11th Street N. E., Washington
all of this city

RECEIVED

On the 6th instant, HENNING M. HENNING, in the 60th year of his age.
On the 6th instant, G. WASHINGTON EMMES, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 6th instant, HOWARD B. T. LANEY, in the 4th year of his age.
On the 6th instant, MARTIN LUTZ, in the 6th year of his age.
On the 7th instant, Mrs. J. BARNUM, in the 6th year of her age.
On the 7th instant, ABRAHAM WILKINSON, Sr., in

On the 7th instant, JOHN W. REYNOLDS, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 7th instant, EUGENE BOY, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES FREEMAN, Sr., in the 7th year of his age.

On the 24th instant, 2 dies ALICE JOHNSTON, aged 60
yrs &
On the 24th instant, a French Maid, FREDERICK
OSWALD BOHLEN, in the 24th year of his age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Daisy Bane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the calculation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savanah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by sea and land, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all NEW subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Something New.

For the convenience and comfort of the ladies, a little pocket is now, in some cases, inserted in the inside seam of the left sleeve of gentlemen's overcoats; a little pocket to hold the otherwise exposed fingers of any gentle promiscuous who may like a coat-sleeve to lean upon. The fashion is in a somewhat crude state at present, being only a little canvas bag inserted between the lining and the outside; but if the idea "takes," there will be great improvements. Another winter and we shall have them fur-lined and ornamented with laces, like other pockets, and possibly, as a compliment to the little fingers they are to shield, ornamentation may be indulged in, embroidery in gold braid, fancy stitching, and the like.

As far as the ladies are concerned, there is no doubt but that the fashion will be popular, for if there is one thing more than another they fully appreciate, it is comfort. They are stout and stoutly of it; and the covering up of that shily gloved hand, which has stood so much exposure, will be followed by wordless blessings from many a grateful heart.

Overtaxing Children's Brains.

The extent to which over-mental strain is injurious to the young varies according to the kind and character of work. The endeavor to fill the minds of children with artificial information leads to one of two results. Not frequently in the very young it gives rise to direct disease of the brain, to convulsive attacks, or even to epilepsy. In less extreme cases, it causes simple weakness and exhaustion of the mental organs, with frequency of power. The child may grow up with a memory taxed with technical, and impressed so forcibly that it is hard to make way for other knowledge, and added to these mischiefs there may be, and often is, the farther evil, that the brain, owing to the labor put on it, becomes too fully and easily developed, too firm, and too soon matures, so that it remains throughout manhood always a large child's brain, very wonderful in a child, and equally ridiculous in a man or woman. The development in an excessive degree of one particular faculty is also a common cause of feebleness.—Dr. Richardson.

Then will be asked, "By what does this come?" Say, "By that which demands upon the heart;" for could that be proved false, could would be utterly helpless. There is in thy soul a certain knowledge, before which, if thou display it to mankind, they will tremble like a branch agitated by the strong wind.

Laughter and music will cure the brain.

Two couples were recently married at 11th, England, the brides and grooms all being deaf and dumb.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[A rich man, who had no children, proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make them secure and their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be? I looked at John—John looked at me, And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak. "Tell me again what Robert said," And then I listening bent my head. This is his letter:—

"I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given." I looked at John's old garments worn; I thought of all that he had borne Of poverty, and work, and care. Which I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven young mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this.

"Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep." So, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band; First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lillian, the baby, slept. Softly the father stooped to lay His rough hand down in a loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And hushly he said: "Not her."

We stooped beside the cradle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Awaits the boy's face there, Is sleep so beautiful and fair, I saw on James's rough red cheek A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by; Pale, patient Robbie's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace. "No, for a thousand ere we not him," He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! had Dick our wayward son—Turbulent, restless, idle one—Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave Bred us before him to the grave; Only a mother's heart could be Patient enough for such a loss! "And so," said John, "I would not dare To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above, And knelt by Mary, child of love. "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in willful way, And shook his head. "Nay, love, not then," The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty, and truthful, good and glad, He like his father. "No, John, no; I cannot, will not, let him go." And so we wrote in courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward toll lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one face Was missed from its accustomed place. Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

The Rothschilds and Their Race.

BY N. S. DODGE.

In the year 1750 there lived in Frankfort-on-the-Main a young Jewish couple, Anselm Rothschild and Rebecca, his wife, married the year before, who were trying what they could make out of the world by buying and selling old clothes in Teubel-strass, No. 123. On the 27th of February, the date of circumcision had been celebrated in the little parlor over their shop, eight days after the birth of Mayer Anselm, their first-born. As the child, like Samuel in old Bible days, was intended by his mother for the priesthood, the chief Rabbi performed the ceremony, and the Hebrew gentry of the town honored the young parents by their presence. The boy grew up under advantages of a good education, provided by friends and the priesthood, and went through the curriculum of study that was usual. At Frankfurt, where he was placed from seven years old to eleven, his favorite employment was the examination of ancient coins in the Museum. It is worth remark here in the outset—the truth of which any business man may confirm—that a Jew always knows the approximate value of a piece of money or a jewel, be it never so strange or rare, whenever or wherever presented to him. All through the thousand years of what we call the "Middle Ages," the necessity of concealing his wealth from the rapacity of Christian Kings and nobles, educated every successful Hebrew in the knowledge of whatever represented value within the smallest compass. It is the same to-day. A Jew on shipboard knows the worth of every foreign coin you may have taken on your travels; he rates the value of the jewelry your wife or daughters wear at every grand reception; he buys unpolished pearls from the Java oyster-beds, and diamonds in the rough at the London Docks; his judgment decides the amount of the loan that may be safely made on jewelry in the pawn-brokers of the great cities in Europe and America; and the crown-jewels of every monarchy throughout the world are pledged and redeemed, bought and sold, polished and set, under the scrutinizing eye of a descendant from Abraham.

Mayer was left without a father at the age of eleven years. Declining the course of study marked out by his parents, he engaged as a messenger-boy in a banking-house in Hanover, grew up, to a clerkship, returned as a money-changer to his native city, and opened out the germ of that mighty business that was destined to act so powerfully upon the Governments of Europe. While still poor, standing every day at the counter of his little banking-house, obliging foreign bank-notes into current money, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, carrying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this was a Hebrew's idea; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he re-

opened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time, as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that upon the Duke's return, in 1802, he offered to refund the whole with five per cent. per annum for interest. This, of course, was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the Duke's influence was used to obtain business for the honest Jew.

In 1812, Mayer Anselm Rothschild died, leaving the mighty fortune, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, to ten children—five sons and five daughters—placing upon them the injunction, with his last breath, of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by sons and daughters with religious fidelity. Sisters married with unflinching consent of the mother and all the children. Brothers remained in a partnership. Their places of residence, by mutual agreement, became far asunder—Anselm domiciliating himself in Frankfurt; Solomon, in Vienna; Charles, in Naples; James, in Paris; and Nathan, in London—but their union remained indissoluble. Before 1820, the house had become ubiquitous. Live a net-work, it had spread itself all over Europe, and its operations were felt tremulously in all the great towns controlled by nations. In days anterior to electric telegraph and rail, their couriers travelled from mother to brother. They conveyed the earliest news. Mails were outstripped; Government express-were left behind; relays were ready at every post; commercial despatches, substituted by public companies, as well as private enterprises, failed in successful competition with the Hebrew firm. Nathan Rothschild received in London news of the result of Waterloo five hours before it was announced on Change, and made £200,000 in consequence. During the great revolt in India, Havelock's success, which changed Consoles from 84 to 89, was known at the counting-room in Lombard street a full day before it reached the Bank of England. Lord Palmerston regretted, in his famous reply to Mr. Disraeli, that Government had to depend for its earliest advices of the attacks upon Sebastopol on "the courtesy of the Rothschild house." It was the same during the Franco-Italian war; it held good five years ago when Prussian legions thundered their triumphal progress against the strongholds of Austria; and it is only yesterday that the Rothschilds discounted in the London market the fatal surrender of Buzina a full two hours before it was recorded by the telegraphic wires that stretch to the Royal Exchange.

Their power has been illustrated in the fact that the Jew everywhere works in a peculiar way. He holds in Europe the reins of war, and at the same time grasps the reins from the kennel. His energy and perseverance are unrivalled, and his wealth and love of gain a proverb and a reproach. The poorer class is as persistent, acute and eager in the prosecution of business as the rich. They have monopolized particular branches of traffic, and made them their own. With the dawn of every morning in London, more than three thousand of them march forth, with bag on shoulder, to collect the cast-off garments of three millions of people. For five days in the week the cry of "Clo, clo, clo," is heard at intervals in all streets from early dawn till evening. From Belgrave and Eaton Square to the meanest lanes and slums of the most equal districts, not a spot is left unvisited. To the Jew there is a value in every abandoned piece of raiment, however mean, and he disdains no profit, however small. The rejected clothing of nearly all England finds its way, sooner or later, to the Houndsdown Bag Fair, and the moment of its sale only comes by the way of the lowest class in that receptacle of woe and filth, it is said, will average £3,000.

Another favorite traffic of the race is in dried fruits. Another still, of which they hold a monopoly, is in the old lines of hospitals and a yam, clubs and hotels. As a rule, the Hebrew declines dealing in nothing that has a value, unless it be an article rapidly perishable. Thus he never ventures a penny in flowers, never deals in vegetables, never presides at an oyster-stall, never haunts the fish market, nor does he touch the trade of the butcher. But he will do anything, save the worst, and he will beg. That he never does, in all the world there is not a Jew who is a professional beggar. Because him to extremity of pauperism, afflict him with disease, maim him, take away hearing, eyes, and power of locomotion, and he will lie, steal, and cheat for a living, but never beg. There is no such thing as a mendicant Jew. There are numbers of them in all the cities of Europe who are poor enough, but poverty will not make them beggars. Instead of that, it makes them sharper, more cunning, more crafty, and guides, scavengers, and refiners, gamblers, pimps, and dealers in stolen goods and disconcerts of forged notes of hand—nothing, in short, but the aversion of their race—public mendicancy.

It is in exchange paid barrier that the Israeli every where excels. He rarely produces. Idle handiwork he seldom enters. Inventive genius is not his. Manufactures he leaves to others. Mechanical skill seems foreign to his nature. He is a poor house-hold servant, and a poorer operative. Manual labor, where bread is to be won by daily wages, he avoids. Scorning no efforts which he is his own master, he abhors idleness for another. The best of commercial travellers, he is the worst of counting-house clerks. Sharper of buyers and sellers, he is the stupidest of contrivers. Too Jew continues, but does not originate; accepts, but never organizes; finds a market, but never creates demand; makes the best of every situation, but receives it at the same time as the inevitable. Wherever money is to be won by shrewd calculation, however; wherever speculative tax promises a fair return, or whenever an unsteady market offers chances for large returns, his tact, boldness, and caution have no equals. His judgment is an emergency is rarely at fault. The critical moment seldom escapes his notice. Scruples do not embarrass him. Conscience makes no coward of his venture. It is thus become true that in every country there is a great Hebrew capitalist. When the allied armies, in 1815, needed money, the sovereigns had recourse to a Jew. When the British wanted £200,000,000 for the emancipation of the West India slaves, a Hebrew furnished it. When the Chinese War made necessary a loan of £10,000,000, a Jew was the only man who, when Prussia, grinding her teeth for combat with Austria, demanded extraordinary

vitality for the shores of war; when Russia saved herself from bankruptcy, after Sebastopol had become a heap of ruins, it was a Jew who was ready to meet the case of need. Of our own national securities held abroad to-day, almost beyond calculation as the amount is, more than seven-eighths of the whole sum is indebted by the Hebrew bankers of Vienna, and Frankfort, Berlin, and London.

To return to the famous house: It will be remembered that Nathan Rothschild settled in England. He came, in 1800, as a partner for his father of Manchester fabrics. Large sums of money were, in the course of time, intrusted to him by the German Princes for safe investment. After the decrease of his father, in 1812, he was looked upon, by the brothers, as the head of the firm. His financial transactions pervaded the whole continent, and he came, at last, to be consulted upon almost every speculation and undertaking. He first introduced the system of foreign loans into England. Such were his good judgment and management that not one of the countries with which he entered into contracts ever failed in their engagements. He died in 1836, but there are old men still frequenting the Royal Exchange in London who remember his personal appearance and sayings. He always occupied the same place in the thronged internal square, covered by the vast roof, and adorned with pillars and carvings, alto-reliefs and statuary. A heavy man, with marked Hebrew face; plainly dressed; unobtrusive in manner; quick and short in speech, that was marked by strong German accent; positive in his answers; quiet in his greed for news, none of which, however, ever fell upon his ears unheeded; reticent in giving expression to his opinions; never forgetting face, name, or standing of those with whom he dealt; so ready in the value of exchange as never to refer to his book, which he always held in his hand; making his replies so distinct that no second question was ever asked; cold, formal, reserved, and distant, never losing his equanimity in reverses or gains, and so thoroughly himself as never to hesitate—his memory remains till to-day as that of the model business-man of the great metropolis. His word was always kept. He knew so different in men. A commercial transaction with him was not done with fear or favor. Friend or stranger—those who had dealt with him for years or those who entered into first engagements—were alike. He was in different to everything but the simple transaction of the moment.

It is, of course, impossible to make even an approximate estimate of the present wealth of the widely extended house, or of its numerous individual members. As a rule, all descendants of the Rothschilds, in the male line, unite with the firm at their majority. There are now more than seventy, who are found in descent from Mayer Anselm Rothschild, that are counted as partners. The consanguinity. There have hitherto been no instances of imbecility or restriction resulting from three close connections. Nor among the young men of the various families, exposed as they are to the temptations which wealth offers in large cities, is there known to have been solitary case of intemperance. The children, male and female, like their parents, are Jews of the strictest sect. The family abounds in charities. There are six hospitals—one each in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, and Constantinople—of the simplest dimensions and simplest arrangements, which have been built and are supported by the Rothschilds. Sir Moses Montefiore, now past eighty-six years of age, whose mother and wife were Rothschilds, is perhaps the most philanthropic man in England. His immense wealth has been devoted for more than half a century to the relief of suffering Jews all over the world. Five times has he been to the Holy Land on errands of mercy—four times to the Algerian and Tunisian States—twice to Egypt—and I know not how often to the capital of Spain, armed with letters of a quasi-diplomatic power, in order to relieve his Jewish brethren who were suffering from oppression or poverty.

Although the wealth of the great firm is unknown, its transactions with Governments are matters of history. Since the peace of 1815, it has raised for Great Britain £200,000,000 sterling; for Austria, £50,000,000; for Prussia, £40,000,000; for France, £30,000,000; for Naples, £30,000,000; for Russia, £25,000,000; for Brazil, £12,000,000; and for other and smaller states, more than £28,000,000. These enormous sums alone must have been enormous. It is the impression in all monetary matters of the world, that the credit of the Rothschild is beyond damage. In 1857, when the financial storm that prostrated all confidence of man in man in the United States, swept across the Atlantic, bringing havoc to bankers and merchants, ship-owners and manufacturers, iron-masters and tin-discounters, almost the only house in Europe, perhaps the only one that stood unshaken by the tempest was theirs. For two or three days, a large French credit was gone. Banking Brothers looked out with anxious and worried frowns around them. Brooks, Shipley & Co., the Meritons; Frederick Horn & Co., and other leading mercantile and banking firms of London, took in all canvas and were striving to ride out the gale under bare poles. The Rothschilds, on the contrary, showed no change. Their extended business seemed to suffer no diminution. As loan-contractions, dealers in bullion, stock-purchasers, and sellers of securities, they did as much during the panic—perhaps more—than ever. They spread their sails to the wind, and when the Bank of England had to appeal to Government for help, they swept onward without dismay. They lost £3,000,000 by fall in securities, in 1848. They are supposed to have lost no less during the present Franco-Prussian war. But in neither case did it affect their credit. If anything on earth were exempt from disastrous mutation, it would appear to be the wealth of the Rothschilds.

All the sons of Mayer Anselm, the originator of the family, are dead. Nathan died at the age of sixty-four, in 1837; the other four died in 1858, during which year all of them deceased, each having passed the age of fourscore. Nathan left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital, the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, a member of Parliament from London, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron—his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second, Sir Albany de Rothschild, is an English baronet; the third, Mayer, was high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. In 1847, Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in Parliament. He

was returned by a large vote, and from then until now, having been elected nine times, has been one of the favorite members from the city.

It is a fact illustrative of the slow progress of reform in England, that, though Baron Rothschild was elected member of Parliament by the most important constituency in the Kingdom, in 1847, '49, '53, and '57, it was not permitted that he should take his seat until the last-named year. The oath of allegiance ran, "Upon the true faith of a Christian." This, as a Jew, the baron could not take. Again and again, he advanced to the bar of the House, uncovered his head, raised his right hand, slowly repeated the form after the speaker, when the fatal words were reached, when, becoming silent, and still remaining silent during three repetitions by the speaker, he took his seat outside the bar. For ten years successively an Act, changing the oath, was sent from the Commons to the Lords, and was ten times refused concurrence. That conservative body would not away with it. At length, by a resolution of the Lower House, the standing orders were set aside, and the baron was permitted to take his seat, and give his vote. Other Jews have been elected since to the Commons. But not all the power of the crown, nor the will of the whole British people, has been able to open the way to a Hebrew within the House of Lords.

The mother of the Rothschilds—the widow of old Anselm—that same Rebecca whose first-born was circumcised amid unexpected honors, in the little upper chamber of the old-clothes shop, a century and a fifth ago, lived to the age of fourscore and fifteen years, the cheeriest and brightest of old women. In the year 1850, an American traveller was exploring the antiquities of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Jews' quarter, then and now a specimen of the intolerable vexations to which the hated race was subjected for many hundred years, contained, within a narrow, ill-paved street, a frame building of singular neatness, upon which every improvement it would admit seemed to have been carefully made. Seated in a large arm-chair, behind the small, diamond-shaped panes of glass that filled the window of the one-story front, was a venerable lady, engaged in knitting stockings. She had outlived three generations, and yet her eye was not dim, nor her mind clouded. It was the ancestress of the Rothschilds—the mother of Mayer Anselm Rothschild, then eighteen years dead—the head of one of the greatest commercial families known to the modern world.—Overland Monthly.

COMPENSATION.

BY ELIAS S. TURNER.

I am not a prosperous man;
The ships I send to sea
Are apt to meet some strange defeat
Ere they come back to me.
And her eyes are dull with care;
And the rattle that serves our prime
Is a poor affair to those in the air
We built in our courting time.

This morning, waking slow
To a sense of the coming day,
Of life too mean, and the might have
been,
My coward heart gave way.
My heart appalled sank down;
But rose again with a leap
At our delight when at dead of night
Our babe laughed out in his sleep.
—Independent.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Images.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Lamps.

All Orientals born a lamp in every occupied room of their houses to see through the night. If the family is wealthy the lamps are numerous, large and brilliant, suspended from lofty ceilings, and kept constantly clean and well filled; so that the house is like very blaze of light, that may be seen from a great distance. But even the smallest cottage or dilapidated tent has its solitary lamp; and the poor villager will sooner dispense with a portion of their ordinary food or clothing, or indeed with anything, rather than do without a light in their sleeping apartments. Eastern people are early risers; and the lamp burns till the time of the morning fire for the preparation of the morning meal; the fast being ignited before the lamp is extinguished; and again when the cooking of the evening repast is completed, the lamp is lighted and the fire on the hearth suffered to die out. Thus in an Oriental dwelling the fire, in one form or another, is never really extinguished, unless by an accident that seldom occurs. Hence they have no use for friction matches, an article little known, and still less valued by the people of the East.

One reason for this perpetually-burning fire may be found in the superstitious dread of ghosts and demons so strongly implanted in the breast of most Orientals, as well as the natural fear of the venomous reptiles and insects that abound in partially-civilized lands, especially within the tropics, and from which their light and very imperfectly-closed dwellings afford little protection. But more than for any other reason, is the air of every home-life thus imparted to a house; and the encouragement it offers to the passing traveller to stop for rest and refreshment—hospitality to strangers being the crowning virtue and national glory of Orientals. An Arabian poet thus alludes to the influence and permanent prosperity of his family: "Neither is our fire, lighted for the benefit of the night stranger, ever extinguished."

The number and brilliancy of the lights within and around an Eastern dwelling affords usually a fair criterion by which to judge of the rank and wealth of the owner. The more numerous and resplendent the lights gleaming through the open windows, and the lotter and larger the "fires of hospitality" which burn on the nearest eminence to attract the attention of travellers, and invite them to the house and table of the resident, the more exalted is the personage who dwells within; while the faint glimmer of the solitary lamp that flickers on the hearth of some poor hovel, proclaims a corresponding poverty in the humble occupant.

Hence the striking and beautiful imagery employed by Job, (chap. xxix. 3) to express God's merciful care for him in the days of his prosperity: "When his (God's) candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness." Here the Patriarch would seem, by the use of a synonym perfectly intelligible to an Oriental

mind, to narrate the goodness and condescension of the Divine Being, in guiding by the beacon-light of his Providence and Spirit, the wandering stranger through the surrounding darkness to his own glorious abode of excellence and truth, and receiving him when there as a favored guest—conducting him by the brilliancy of the lamps that shone down upon the head from the lofty ceiling, to the very interior of the mansion, into the immediate presence of the Lord of the house—thus admitting him to terms of familiar friendship, and lavishing upon him the most distinguishing evidences of cordial affection. How in contrast to these happy days in the poor sufferer's desolate condition, when in plaintive tones he wails forth his piteous lament: "He (God) hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and he hath set darkness in my paths." Chap. xix. 8.

Especially is a brilliant lamp in "the tabernacle," or chief tent of an encampment, as spoken of by the Apostle, (chap. xii. 1), a distinguishing mark of the man of wealth and power, who affects this piece of state from motives of ostentation. Hence the solemn imagery in verses 5 and 6, "The light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put with him." The language of this denunciation virtually imports not only the sudden fall of the wicked from the lofty position to which his own vanity and self-love had elevated him, but the utter destruction of his family and house, leaving not even a glimmering spark on his desolated hearth-stone.

In just the same sense would any Oriental understand God's promise to David, (1 Kings, chap. xi. 36), "That David, my servant, may have a light (lamp) always before me, in Jerusalem;" and that in 1 Kings xv. 4, "Nevertheless for David's sake did the Lord his God give him (the wicked Achish) a lamp in Jerusalem to set up his son after him, and to establish Jerusalem." Both of these seem to imply God's solemn assurances of the perpetuation of David's seed, and through him, of the great Messiah, the Prince of the house of David, of whose dominion there should be no end.

The allusions, both in the Old and New Testaments, to this simple household utensil are so numerous and varied that a volume might be filled with the subject, while in a brief sketch like the present only a few of the more prominent and striking can be noticed. Sometimes it is used as an emblem of human life, as in 2d Samuel, xxi. 17, where the followers of David solemnly conjure him to expose himself no more to the assaults of battle: "That thou quench not the light of Israel." How beautiful the metaphor. They would have this bright luminary, in which all Israel was rejoicing, suddenly extinguished by the breath of violence, leaving the nation in the gloom of civil discord and strife; but rather, that nourished by their faithful watch-words, it should burn steadily on, till all of life's oil should be consumed, and then flicker and die out calmly and quietly as the expiring wick sinks in its socket when no longer fed by the oil.

From our Lord's sermon on the mount we read (Matt. v. 15), "Neither do men light a candle (or lamp) and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and they give light to all that are in the house." The allusion to the simple habit, perhaps even the poverty of the family, is touching; and their one lamp—their only one—the light of the household—this surely they would never hide away where it could shed no light on the surrounding gloom; but they would place it conspicuously on the lamp stand that all might have the benefit of its radiance, and walk in its comforting light. How easy and natural seems the inference, the touching lesson our Saviour would inculcate—"Let your light shine before men." "So," says he, "ye do well that ye take heed, as to a light that shineth in a dark place."

And lastly, in Rev. xxi. 5, "the beloved disciple" describing the glories of the New Jerusalem, says of it: "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun." All these may well be dispensed with, for "The Lamb is the light (lamp) thereof," Rev. xxi. 23.

Fat Men. It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their heftiness in proportion to his heftiness. The fatter the man, the more plump he is; and a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those who experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for work, for endurance, for the very and hardy; thin people live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and, as proof, fat people are never well a day at a time—nor are suited for hard work. Still, there is a medium between fat as a butter-bell and as thin and jaded as a fence-rail. For men look moderate rotundity in most desirable, to have enough of flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous, laughing mood, and live chiefly on albanian, such as boiled cracked wheat, and rye, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk, and buttermilk, and fat meats. Sugar is the best fattener known.

Immortality. And why, it may be asked, if death is a necessity for this world's use, why not also for the use of the next? If the earthly life must be shortened to meet the requirements of finite nature, how, hereafter, shall finite nature bear the burden of immortality? I suppose that hereafter, also, there may be the need, from time to time, of a sleep and a forgetting, as the ages accumulate their experiences on the soul. Immortality may be a series of lifetimes instead of one continuous living. Successive deaths may be the rivers of the "after-life" that slope through darkness up to God; each star a new day of spiritual life, a higher capacity of serviceable action, a new revelation of the infinite Love.—*Frederick H. Hedge.*

La Camicia Rapita.

I.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? A slave?
—Taming of the Shrew.

"It is a very extraordinary thing, Susan, that the landlady will never send home my things right. Every week there is sure to be some mistake."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, mem! I always desires her to be so particular."

"She seems to pay no attention, then, to what you say to her. Last week she lost one of my best cambric handkerchiefs; the week before she could not account for that pretty frock, and now there's another article missing."

"Indeed, mem! Why, I counted the linen over when it came home, and it quite agreed with the bill. I'm sure the number was all right."

"The number—yes—perhaps so;—but what do you call this? This thing certainly can't be mine. It looks as if it might belong to a man!"

"Good gracious me, mem, and so it does! Well, I never! As sure as I live, it's a gentleman's—what's his name? How could it have got there?"

"Though the woman's carelessness, of course. Look at it, Susan, and see if there's any name or mark upon it that you may discover whom it is."

"Oh, dear me, mem, I should not like to touch it. I know nothing about gentlemen's wearing apparel."

"You know my things from other people's, I hope. Stuff and nonsense; do as I tell you. I say it belongs to the person's husband."

"Oh no, mem, that it can't. They're very poor people, mem. He couldn't afford to wear anything half so good as this. Look at the fineness of the lining, mem, and then the full real Bristles lace!"

"Indeed I—it's marked, I suppose."

"Oh yes, mem, here in the corner. Graceless goodness, if it ain't a crownet most beautifully worked, and the letter N under it. To think of that!"

"A crownet indeed! and the letter N! Do you know who she wears for?"

"Oh, dear me, no mem—I never asked such a question."

"Well, make a point of asking now. Take the thing away, and be sure you desire Mrs. Jones—if that's her name—to take it back and send home my proper garment. It's perfectly ridiculous."

The above colloquy took place one morning in the dressing-room of Mrs. Trevelyan, a very pretty young widow, who occupied the first and second floors of 53 Harley Street. In early life, when barely eighteen, she made a marriage de convenience, or rather it had been made for her, for she had no voice in the matter, an uncle, upon whom she depended, being the sole arbiter of her fate. The gentleman who espoused her, in spite of his sixty years and disparities not less remarkable than age, looked forward to a long life of happiness with the beautiful E. behind Maltravers, and such was the charm of her disposition, and the natural sweetness of her temper, that he might perhaps have been deceived, but for one of those accidents to which flesh is unfortunately heir to, and which grow thicker round our path as it draws nearer to the goal; the fact is, he died, one day, of influenza, after a brief union of little more than a year.

That he was sincerely attached to Ethelinde, the manner in which he disposed of his property made sufficiently clear. He left her sole executrix, and the succession consisted of a fine landed estate in Devonshire, and the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the three per cent. But Mrs. Trevelyan did not come into the property without opposition; the will was disputed by the nearest male relative, and a law-suit was the consequence. This was the cause of her being a temporary resident in London at the time when the preceding conversation occurred; for, had she consulted her own inclination, her footsteps would never have wandered in the month of June from her beautiful grove and gardens at Torcombe, in spite of the attractions of the London season. In London, however, she was, and much of her time was taken up in interviews with lawyers and men of business, so that except a late drive in the park, or an occasional party to dinner, or at the opera, Mrs. Trevelyan saw little of the gay life in which she was so well qualified, both by nature and accomplishments, to shine. Of the claimant to her late husband's estate, she knew nothing more than that he was a young man of rank, who, like many of his class, was in want of money to meet expenses and relieve incumbrances, and she believed he was abroad, though probably hastening homeward as the period drew near of bringing the law-suit, in which he had embarked by the advice of friends, to a close. Though naturally unwilling to forego all the advantages of her position, which she had gained by her own exemplary conduct, and conscious, at the same time, that her retention of Mr. Trevelyan's bequest was no ruinous deprivation of the rights of the next heir, Ethelinde would willingly have agreed to an amicable compromise, by the advance of a reasonable sum of money to meet the all-gone necessities of the young nobleman, her antagonist. But the affair was so entirely in the hands of the lawyers, that no opportunity offered of proposing terms to the principal, and, moreover, Mrs. Trevelyan was so uncertain of his whereabouts, that she could find no direct means of communicating with him.

Matters were, therefore, left to take their course.

II.
Why, what o' devil's came, tailor, call't thou this?
—Taming of the Shrew.

Half-past seven o'clock was striking by the clock of St. James's Church, as Lord Northam dismounted at the foot of the steps leading into the Albany in Piccadilly. After glancing admiringly at the beautiful thorough-bred by which he had ridden, and examining, with some care, one of the nobleman's shoulders, which seemed in a glossy than the rest of his coat, Lord Northam passed the "poor fellow" on the neck, and with a word of instruction entrusted him to his groom, and went in to dress for dinner.

"This," he said, as he walked towards letter D, where he was housed in a friend's chamber, "this is one of the discomforts of civilized life! To be compelled to put on a formal dress for the hours which offer the greatest enjoyment; to use one's self up in a starched corset and stiff coat when inclination would lead one rather to throw both aside. These are amongst the penalties one



EGYPTIANS OF UPPER EGYPT.

must pay for living in the societies of great cities. Oh, the unspeakable comfort of wearing the loose, easy robes of the East, or the negligé of the shores of the Mediterranean! Oh, the delicious nights on the roof-tops of Damascus, on the deck of my own Gulebar, or in the palace of Granada!

What a contrast to the fettered existence to which I have been compelled to return! But, unluckily, one can obtain nothing in this world without money, and money I certainly want. I wish I could have lingered through another winter in Malta, in Greece, in Sicily, in dear old Naples—anywhere rather than have returned home, though it is the season. But these friends, those friends—who will take greater care of your interests than you do yourself, and who make you follow the customs of the world, according to you of apathy, disregard of self-respect, and want of consideration for others, if you fail to adapt their views or set up to their wishes? But for them I should never have entered into this troublesome law-suit. What old idly to me to whom my old cousin is, Trevelyan, left the money? He had a right to do as he liked with it, for he made the greater part of it in India by the sweat of his brow. And forsooth, because he succeeded to a landed estate—all his patrio-

try—and made it, by his wealth, the center of a large estate, the lawyers must interpose and say that the nearest of kin has a claim. Not that I should have had the slightest objection to his property if he had left it to me in his will; on the contrary, for it would have prevented me from doing what, most likely, I shall be obliged one day to do, marry an heiress for the sake of her money; but I hate the bore of a law-suit, slipping up all one's private concerns, and laying them open to the staring public, besides a world of misanthropic as to conduct and motives. I know nothing of Mrs. Trevelyan; but from what I have heard, she always conducted herself very well, and, to say the least of it, she deserved some compensation for the sacrifice she made in marrying a man so old and yellow as my cousin. They say, too, she is very pretty; it's money that makes people say that, I'll be bound. I'd lay a heavy wager she is not half so lovely as that fascinating creature who was frightened to death in the park. I wonder who she can be! The carriage had only a simple cipher on the panels, and the servants were in the plainest possible livery, but she is certainly somebody! So much beauty and such dignity of manner cannot belong to a parents. It was lucky I rode up as I did, or the stupid coachman would decidedly have upset the carriage into the Serpentine. I was afraid Com. Al had hurt his shoulder, as he rushed past the tree into the water, but we got off with a few bruises and splashes. She looked pale certainly, but when she smiled her thanks her color came back, and even my own loved Damascus roses are not brighter than the glow on her cheek."

Lord Northam had by this time reached his apartments, where his attentive valet de chambre, an Italian, who had travelled with him for three years, was in readiness for his toilet. The young nobleman, in a somewhat abstracted mood, proceeded with his task, but his abstraction was not so great as to prevent him from making a sudden exclamation when he had got about half-way through the operation.

"Why, what the mischief's this, Antonio?" he cried out abruptly; "I'm not going to a masquerade!"

"Milor!" ejaculated the astonished valet.

"Yes, you may well stare; see here! Why, it's something you must have picked up in the Levant. What a ridiculous shape! It looks as if it were made for a woman."

And Lord Northam, as he spoke, displayed a very delicately wrought article of silken, of the finest tissue, with a full running border of the top of the most transparent cambric and edged with the richest Valenciennes lace. It was, moreover, "cut awfully out," so as to give a very graceful contour to the upper part of the garment, and a little way down in the centre appeared two small crimson letters.

"Corpo di bacco!" exclaimed the Italian, who was a married man, though he led a bachelor life; "e un camicieta da donna!" ("It is a woman's shirt.")

"A chemise, eh! How the deuce did it get here. You didn't open Mr. Percival's

wardrobe by mistake; that, perhaps, would have accounted for it."

"No, milor; I could not do such thing, far de Signore Percival take his keys along with him, and he lend your lordship his chamber."

"How came it here, then?"

"Upon my word, milor, I do not know. Perhaps de lavandaja shall have made some mistake, and send you home some lady's dress instead of your own."

"Well, you must see about it. Meantime give me something that I can wear. Curious to send me such a thing, and you not to take any notion of it. It is very fine looking stuff."

"Oh, yes, milor, I never see nothing finer, and my wife she have a great deal to do in day and night."

"After all the shape is a very pretty one—I wonder who the owner is? I thought I saw some initials; what are they?"

"Eccolo, due lettere—two letters, E. T.—and some figures, a 2 and a 4."

"E. T. 21!" mused Lord Northam; "I wonder who she is! It would be worth while trying to find out. I say, Antonio," he continued, as he finished the bow of his cravat, for in spite of his objections to modern costume, Lord Northam pinned himself on the shirt of his life, an accomplishment really acquired at Oxford—"make a point of asking the landlady what the lady's name is—and do you hear, don't send the camicia back till I tell you."

"I shall recollect, milor," returned Antonio, with a smile. "Your lordship's cab is at de door."

And in a few seconds Lord Northam was whirling through the streets on his way to Grosvenor Square, the images of pretty women and pretty garments contending for mastery over the claims of *salutis* and *supremacie*.

III.
Look to behold this night,
Earth-treading stars, that make the dark heaven light.
—Romeo and Juliet

The Duke of Derbyshire gave a concert that night at Derbyshire House, at which all London was present. Ethelinde was amongst the guests, chartered by her aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Rushworth. It was the first great party she had been to since she came to town, for she had refused to go out generally *pendente lite*; but Derbyshire House is an exception to all rules—no one refuses to go there. It is not merely on account of the fashion which the Duke's parties confer, the positive agreements which they offer, nor the kind and courteous welcome given by too noble host to his guests, though these are now here to be met with in no great degree, but because there is a charm about town, the secret of which has never yet been discovered, which so completely distinguishes them from all others. At Derbyshire House the light has to glare, the music is no noise, the flowers breathe perfume only; every one smiles naturally; there is no *genie*, no crowd; all wear an aspect of happiness; and, as far as society alone can make people happy, they are so there.

In spite of the uncertainty of her position, Ethelinde also felt happy. She was young and beautiful, and the buoyancy of youthful spirits drove back those phantasms of the future which are ever drawing near to deform the prospects with their gloomy shadows. But here, though she knew it not then, was an incomplete happiness, for she had not yet known the pain of loving, and until that pain be felt happiness is merely an image reflected in a mirror. Was she destined to remain long in this state of ignorance? A few minutes decided the question.

After listening with rapture to strains of the most exquisite music, Mrs. Rushworth and Ethelinde left the concert-room to wander through the range of beautiful saloons which extend on either hand, admiring at every step some charming picture, some perfect piece of sculpture, or some work of art as rich as it was rare. They had nearly completed their tour when their progress was slightly obstructed by the tall figure of a young man who was leaning thoughtfully in a doorway. The rustling sound of their dresses, however, attracted his attention, and he drew on one side to allow them to

pass. In doing so he turned toward them, and, to Ethelinde's surprise, she recognized the gentleman who had come to her assistance that afternoon in the park, and he beheld the lady of whom, in spite of himself, he had since then been constantly thinking. Mrs. Trevelyan could do nothing less than bow in recognition of the service he had performed, and it was a momentary at least on the part of Lord Northam to speak.

"I hope," he said, "you have not suffered from the flurry—I suppose I must not say fear—which your unruly horses excited today."

"Oh, you are right to think I was afraid," replied Ethelinde earnestly, "for really the situation seemed dangerous."

"I dread, then," Lord Northam returned, "lest my ignorance or awkwardness should have contributed to your alarm."

"On the contrary, I feel perfectly certain that if you had not seized the horses' heads the carriage would have been overturned. It was very kind to venture so much for a mere stranger."

"That was a common impulse, though accident summoned me to do what I most preferred. But, after all, in society—in the world—there are no strangers. It was decreed by fate that I should meet you here to-night; the same thing would have happened had we both been in Rome or in Cairo."

"Are you so much of a perfectionist?" laughingly asked Ethelinde. "Does nothing happen but what is preordained?"

"Nothing—of consequence."

"But what can be more consequential than this casual encounter?"

"Perhaps only that of this afternoon."

"Nay, you are wrong. I should be very ungrateful if I reached them equally."

"Forgive me, I ought not to have implied any doubt; but do not fall into the error of over-estimating the very trifling service I was so fortunate as to render you."

"Your creed of fatalism does not, I hope, exclude gratitude from the list of voluntary efforts!"

"It would be presumptuous to assign it so much scope. Fate only prepares the way; it disposes of those accidents which are material; the mind accedes to the rest."

"But is not the mind, according to your theory, predisposed?"

"Yes; to the reception of a particular theme, but the same cause often produces opposite effects. It is like sowing an unknown seed. The earth fructifies every germ alike, whether the plant which is to spring from it be sweet or bitter, a remedy or a poison."

"You have examined these things seriously. Where have you studied?"

"In the East; not always in solitude, but often far from the haunts of men."

"You have travelled much, then?"

"I have seen many places, and some varieties of mankind—but not enough for the purpose which originally impelled me to travel."

"And you have returned with your object unaccomplished? What caused you to relinquish your pursuit?"

"I believe," said Lord Northam, looking intently at Mrs. Trevelyan, "yes, I am sure, it was fate!"

The Honorable Mrs. Rushworth must have been a lady endowed with great good nature, or a very rare patience, to have allowed this colloquy to endure without offering to interpose a word; but there are limits even to feminine forbearance, and now she spoke.

"I see," she said, "you are arguing in a circle; besides, the duke is looking round him, a sign that the music is about to recommence. Come, Ethelinde, let us go to the concert room."

Lord Northam bowed to Mrs. Trevelyan's graceful inclination as she passed on—I am not sure, even that their eyes did not meet; but he did not attempt to follow—at least, not then.

"Who is your new acquaintance, Ethelinde?" inquired Mrs. Rushworth; "he can only have just returned from abroad, for I don't think I ever met him before."

"I am as ignorant as you, aunt, who my deliverer is, and you know also as much of my adventure."

"He is a very distinguished looking person at all events," said Mrs. Rushworth.

Ethelinde thought he was even something more, but she said nothing.

When the carriages were called that night there was at least one attentive listener in the hall with many pillars; and it was not without a thrill of pleasure, as he headed Mrs. Rushworth and her fair companion to their brougham, that Lord Northam heard the footman give the word.

"Fifty-three, Harley."

IV.
Say, what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to rob a gentle belle?
—Pope.

When Lord Northam woke on the morning after the concert, the first word which he uttered was "Ethelinde," and a long sigh followed the exclamation.

Antonio, who was in the room, busied about his usual avocations, hearing his master stir, presumed that he spoke to him, and therefore addressed him.

"Milor is awake." He received no answer, but continued, "I have got some news about our camicia. I have discovered to whom it belongs—a very nice lady! I very beautiful, very rich!"

"Is that you, Antonio? What are you talking about? I wish you would hold your tongue!"

"Oh, very well, milor, I only thought your lordship would be glad to know about de camicia."

"Hang the camicia!" said Lord Northam, rather petulantly; "what can it signify to me whose it is?"

"I know who de lady live, milor."

"And I care nothing about it. If he could tell me what I do want to know," he muttered, "it would be something to the purpose."

"La lavandaja—de washingwoman—have been here late last night, milor, and she tell me de owner de camicia live at number fifty-three, Harley street."

"What do you say?" cried Lord Northam, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy that astonished even the trained Italian; "where—what?"

Antonio repeated the information.

"Make haste," said Lord Northam, "give me my dressing-gown. Stay, you were speaking of the camicia; you have not sent it back, I hope?"

"Certamente no, milor. Your lordship say I was to keep him till further orders."

"True—and you have it here?"

"Yes, milor."

"Bring it me directly."

The order was promptly obeyed; and to any one but a native of southern clime, so-

customed to vehement demonstrations, the eagerness with which Lord Norham seized the garment, and the thousand kisses he rained upon the unconscious form, would have been matter for never-ending astonishment. An Englishman would have thought of his own safety, or—if he had been awake to it—of a commission of lunacy. Antonio merely waited to see how long the passion would last. It was not quickly over.

"Ethereal! Ethereal!" exclaimed Lord Norham. "Yes, here is the dear child, H. But what does the other letter mean? T!—T! I heard the name of Rushworth—the lion, Mrs. Rushworth—that, I suppose, was her mother. Well, it may be so still; her daughter by a first marriage—no doubt of it. What grace! what beauty! I never thought that English women could be so supremely lovely! I must find out all about her. I can't think she is engaged; she did not look as if another occupied her thoughts. Well, this law-suit has led to something that the lawyers who devised it never dreamt of. It may take its own course for what I care, provided I can once more see my own, my dearest Ethelinde!"

But the law is more prompt than even lovers' imaginations, and Lord Norham was scarcely dressed before he received a letter from Essex street informing him that it was absolutely essential for his interests that he should attend that morning, at 11 o'clock, to meet that eminent counsel, Mr. Bonnetduff, to discuss finally the question of the succession to the estate of the late Mr. Trevelyan. The letter was signed "Gabriel Quirk," and prayed his immediate attention.

"What an infernal bore!" he exclaimed, as he threw down the missive; "I suppose I must attend—indeed, I may as well go there as anywhere else at such an early hour. Of course, she is not up yet. Antonio, desire Rivera to be here with the cab at a quarter to eleven, and let me have some breakfast."

We leave Lord Norham to discuss his meal with such appetite as love has left him, and return to Harley street.

It is twelve o'clock, and Ethelinde had not yet left her bed-room, though she had been up some hours, and the restlessness which haunted her couch pursued her when she quitted it. She had tried to read, but could not fix her attention on the page, and now she sat at an open secretaire, with paper before her and a pen in her hand, but her thoughts refused to flow, or wandered from the subject of her intended correspondence. Absorbed in a reverie, which, to judge by the sweet serenity of her features, appeared to be a happy one, some one had twice tapped at her door unregarded, but the third knock roused her attention, and she bade the intruder come in.

It was Susan, and her countenance bore the signs of recent excitement, for her color was high, and her eyes sparkled.

"What is the matter, Susan?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan, calmly.

"I beg your pardon, mem, but I never heard tell of anything like it. To go for to keep a battle of dress like that, and then refuse to receive me, when I'm ready to be one of them things as I can't bring myself to understand. He positively objects to send his boys, mem!"

"To send what back, Susan? I really don't know what you mean."

"Why, mem, it's all about your apparel, mem. I accided the laundress finely yesterday, and she promised to do her best to find it. She knew at once who the other thing, mem, belonged to—a young nobleman living in Italy—and in the evening she went there and saw my lord's wally-dress, and said she supposed there was some mistake, and that it didn't belong to her. At first he said, in his gibberish, for Mr. Jones says he is one of them mad foreigners, and he didn't know nothing at all about it, but Mrs. Jones says he was a Latin when he spoke, when convinced her that he knew'd where to get his goods on, and she begged he'd be so good as to look for that lady was in want of the battle."

"That was very ridiculous," said Mrs. Trevelyan, blushing as she spoke. "I wish you would finish the stupid story. I am sorry I've made my inquiry on the subject."

"Well, mem, Mrs. Jones was only a doing of what she thought her duty, for I said to her, 'Mrs. Jones, says I, don't let me see your face again without that there!' and so she went again to the laundress this morning, and asked my lord's wally with a having of it, for she'd been round to every one as she washes for, and know'd it couldn't be nowhere else; and what do you think, mem, was the answer as the laundress feller give her?"

"Did she tell how can I possibly tell? To think of having one's thoughts disturbed by such nonsense as this."

"He said, mem, as true as I stand here—my lord, mem—had looked it up in his own book, and that he was ordered to pay for it, for that it wouldn't be given back to nobody but the householder."

"I never heard of anything so absurd! And did she really come away without it?"

"She was forced to, mem. But she wouldn't give up the other thing, no how, mem. The wally-dress and the other thing was of no use to you, mem, and that she'd much better give it up, for that she wanted to wear it herself, as he was going to the hospital this morning; but Mrs. Jones couldn't be persuaded to, and so the trampy battle is come back again, mem."

"I must say, I think it very singular conduct," observed Mrs. Trevelyan, compelled by the strangeness of the affair to take some notice of it. "Have you any idea of who this young nobleman is? Not that it is of any use knowing; indeed, it would be better not to be acquainted with his name, except to avoid him if one happened to meet him."

"Oh, yes, mem—Mrs. Jones knows; she did mention it to me, but I never paid no attention to gentleman's names; I can ask her again, mem, for she is down stairs now."

Susan departed on her errand without any opposition from her mistress, and presently returned with the required information.

"Gracious, mem! Would you believe it? It's as true as I live, but the gentleman, mem, is young Lord Norham, poor Mr. Trevelyan's cousin."

"Lord Norham!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, in astonishment. "Impossible, Susan, Lord Norham is not in England."

"Oh, yes, mem—he is, he came home about ten days ago; the wally said it was very sudden, for they was in Italy, Rome, and Naples, only, it might be, about a month since."

"That accounts, then," said Mrs. Trevelyan, to herself, "for Mr. Quirk's desire that I should remain in town. Lord Norham carries on a strange warfare; he not only seeks to deprive me of my estate, but lays violent hands on my personal effects."

What can he mean by it? Order the carriage, Susan; as soon as I am dressed I shall go to Mrs. Rushworth's."

V.
My only love spring from my only hate.
—Romeo and Juliet.

Lord Norham's groom had dismounted, and was creating the pavement to knock at No. 53 Harley street, when a pretty brougham (a brougham is pretty sometimes, despite the association) drove rapidly up to the door. Lord Norham recognized not only the massive blue carriage and the spirited cream-colored horses that drew it, but caught a glimpse of their fair owner; and recalling his servant, leapt lightly from his saddle, and approached the carriage window.

"I don't know why I find myself here without invitation," he said, "but I am fairly caught in the net. I wished to pay my respects to—oh, he hesitated for a moment, and then, with an effort, brought out, 'Mrs. Rushworth.'"

Ethelinde saw his artifice, and smiled. "My aunt," she replied, "does not live here. I have just come from her house in Grosvenor street."

Lord Norham appeared to take no notice of the explanation.

"Allow me," he said, "to assist you from your carriage, and," he added, in a subdued, but earnest tone, "to explain the motive of my appearance."

Ethelinde bowed gravely, accepted his proffered hand, and they entered the house together. When they reached the drawing-room she took a chair near one of the windows, and motioned to Lord Norham to sit down also, for she felt too much agitated to speak.

He did not, however, accept the invitation, but stood for a few moments irresolute, as if uncertain how to commence a conversation which he had sought in so unusual a manner. At length he spoke.

"I am sure," he began, "that, if I hope you will forgive the step I have taken, in presenting myself before you without an introduction; but the truth is, I expected to have been able to plead as my apology a friendship which I formed in the East with a relation of Mrs. Rushworth. Had I known to whom I was speaking last night, before the party broke up, I should not have been placed in this awkward predicament."

"You have characterized it rightly," returned Ethelinde, with some degree of coldness. "The situation is, at least, peculiar."

"I am afraid," said Lord Norham, advancing a step nearer, "I am afraid I have offended you, and heaven knows that is the last object of my thoughts; but, what shall I say—I could not resist the temptation of making an inquiry after you this morning, particularly when I was led to believe that you were the sister of the man who saved my life as I was travelling last year between Beyrout and Damascus."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ethelinde; "were you the Englishman whose account I read was attacked by a party of Bedouins in the Lebanon, and whom my cousin Charles was so fortunate as to rescue? He wrote to us all about the adventure, but, with the carelessness that marks everything he does, never told us who he had assisted, but contented himself with saying that it was a feature of life in the desert which had led to very agreeable consequences."

"It was no other than myself to whose aid he came so opportunely, or I might not have lived to tell the story; though, after all," and this was said with an accent of bitterness, "life is, perhaps, a questionable blessing."

"Surely not," observed Ethelinde, "if it enables us to render aid to the slightest service to our fellow-creatures."

"But my life, I fear," said Lord Norham, "is destined to be a torment to others, even against my will. At this very moment, while I am speaking to you, I am in the act—passively, it is true—of inflicting a most serious injury upon a person whom I have never seen, and whom, moreover, I have every reason to respect."

"But you are not such a fatalist as to believe that you have not the power of preventing yourself from doing wrong?"

"Oh, no, mem, in my own person, but there are occasions when one is compelled to allow others to act for him."

"I can conceive no combination of events as compulsory as to make one act against one's own conscience, either in person or by deputy; that is to say, if you entertain feelings such as you describe."

Lord Norham gazed intently on the animated speaker, and his words fell on his ear with the conviction of truth.

"You are right," he said, "and whatever it costs me, I will neither be a wrong-doer myself, nor suffer wrong to be my name. It will, at any rate, console me for the brevity of this interview, which I fear will be my last and last; for," he continued, with a melancholy accent, "I must once more be a wanderer."

"You will not leave—that is, quit England, without allowing my aunt to make the acquaintance of her own friend, without—she hesitated—"without giving me the satisfaction of knowing what it was that rendered me an essential service, to whom I am indebted, perhaps, for my life?"

"And I have been so utterly forgetful of all the acts of courtesy as to condone anonymous! Heavens, yes! I gave my card to my groom to deliver at the door, and forgot that you could not have received it. My name is Lord Norham."

Had a mice been suddenly sprung in the drawing-room, Ethelinde could not have been more astonished than by this announcement. She started to her feet, and became pale and red by turns, as the various thoughts which came excited awoke rapidly within her. She beheld at the same moment the enemy of her social position, whose name would invade her in comparative calm, the bizarre young man who had acted so ridiculously about the disputed garment, and—she could not disguise it from herself—she saw before her one who evidently regarded her with no common interest. That she was perfectly unknown to him, seemed quite certain, for he had mistaken her for Mrs. Rushworth's daughter, but then what could have made him act so absurdly in other respects? He surely did not mean to speak to her on the subject. The bare idea made her feel as if she were about to sink into the earth; he would rather have lost a thousand pounds than have run the risk of this unhappy revelation. Amusement, fear, mistrust—so many contending emotions were impressed on her countenance that Lord Norham gazed on her in mute wonder. Ethelinde felt the embarrassment of their mutual position, and made an effort to recover herself.

"I was so unprepared," she said, "so surprised to hear your lordship's name that—"

that—I beg you will excuse me"—and she leant against her chair for support.

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter? What have I unfortunately said to cause this alarm?" and he took her hand as he spoke.

"You will understand all," replied Ethelinde, disengaging herself, "when I tell you that I am—the widow of the late Mr. Trevelyan."

It was Lord Norham's turn to be astonished, but his astonishment soon gave way to rapture. Ethelinde had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands. He came closer to her.

"Mrs. Trevelyan," he said, "dear Mrs. Trevelyan, how gladly would I have spared you the pain of this moment, how willingly have I foregone it—despite the happiness which it has given me. Hear me, Mrs. Trevelyan—Ethelinde!—she started at hearing him thus name her—"dearest Ethelinde!" again he took her hand, "why should we be foes? Before I knew who you were I had coveted my selfishness—be generous again, and pardon one who never meant to offend, who loves you, Ethelinde, dearer than life itself."

It is not Camoens who sings:

"Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow!"

And do not all who have ever truly loved admit that a single moment suffices to clear every future hour of existence? To such—no doubtless they form the majority of my readers—I need not minutely tell how the lawsuit ended to the chagrin of Messrs. Quirk and Quirk, how Mrs. Trevelyan became lady Norham, and how the "Camelia rapita" was disposed of. To the best of my belief the last named subject was never adverted to, though Lord Norham smiled very mysteriously the first time he saw the preparations making for his bride's trousseau.

As for Susan, she never ceased wondering at the way things are brought about. "To think," she used to say, "of my lord and lady being introduced to each other by means of a *simoniac*, as the ferra wally calls that chem!"

A TOSS UP FOR A HUSBAND.

The Marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two Indian maids, were busy powdering, as it were with hair-frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this Marchioness; a widow of twenty-three, and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three-and-twenty years earlier, his Majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of a hundred thousand livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Forterault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that kings can be grateful whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The Marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half-way up the slope overlooking the water, on the coast from Boulogne to Saint Germain. Madame Dubarry's estate joined hers; and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gables and the wide-spreading chestnut-trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the Marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of free oranges, which crossed each other in such a way, as to drop into the white and delicate hands that caught them in their fall.

The slightest of-hand—which the Marchioness interrupted at times whilst she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"The King!"

Apparently, the Marchioness was accustomed to such visits for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV., himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting pearl grey hunting-suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling piece, bladed with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, laced down for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The King had come from Luciennes almost alone, that is to say, with a Captain of the Guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single querry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the later Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandaunt, Henry IV., could not have been less ceremonious.

But a shower of hail had surprised him; and his Majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wetted him through, and he dismissed him of his twinges of the rheumatism.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau when the shower commenced. He had come, therefore, to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke de Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips in orthography, directly to Niens, that celebrated greyhound given by Charles IX. to his friend Rosard, the poet.

"Good morning, Marchioness," said the King, as he entered, patting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu."

"Ah, Sire, that wasn't very kind of you."

"Hush!" replied the King, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day; and if the Marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour he would have braggied of it everywhere, this very evening. He is very apt to compromise me, and he is a great coxcomb, too, the old Duke. But don't put yourself out of the way, Marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that bleeds so with the lilies and the roses of your bewitching face. . . . Why, Marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, Sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh, what are oranges!"

And the King seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the Marchioness, whose very finger-tips he kissed with an intimacy of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges he had admitted, he proceeded deliberately to examine it.

"But," said he, at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent-bottle? I rather fancy some connection between this fruit and the maintenance—as it is, Marchioness—of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, Sire, the functions of de-sire."

The King opened wide his eyes, and strove the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the Marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the Countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, Sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, Marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your Majesty, that these oranges decide my fate."

"Give it up," said the King.

"Imagine, Sire; yesterday I found the Countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down this way." And the Marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the King; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Coquise! up, Praline!' and, on my word, I am fancy you saw the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, Sire."

"And you dabble in politics, Marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the Countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, Sire; for, in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself just now, 'Up, Mesdames! up, Beaugency!'"

"Aye, aye," returned the King; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Beauval, who is a Countess, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection?"

"I'll tell you," said the lady. "You know, Sire, that Monsieur de Beauval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Anquet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the court, from grandeur and turmoil."

"And, on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the King. "One does become so wearied at court."

"Aye, and so," rejoined the widow, as she put on her last beauty spot. . . . "Nor are you aware, Sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious; burning with zeal for the service of your Majesty; as brave as Monsieur Meneval; and capable of going to the end of the earth . . . with the title of Ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV., with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the Marchioness, "I have been a widow . . . those two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me, Sire. But Monsieur de Meneval loves me . . . at least he says so, and I am well persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Meneval."

"I have thought of it, Sire; and in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would devote the philosophy and set some little value on the poets. When no external noises disturb the honeymoon, that month, Sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears a noise."

"Unless it be the north wind howling in the corridor, and the rain pattering on the window-pane." And the King shivered slightly on his sofa.

"But," added the lady, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, no! the ambitious man!"

"Ambitious does not shut out love, Sire, Monsieur de Beaugency is a marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband really who was longing to reach high office of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Meneval . . ."

"Very good," exclaimed the King, laughing; "now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Meneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since one can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, Sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah, what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game?"

"You, Sire? Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, Marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Meneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady; "and if you have any preference for one of the other."

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges, you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of those toilet pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touches the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happens just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassadoress."

"Excellent! Now, Sire, let's see the result."

The King took the two oranges and plied about with them above his head. But, at the third pass, the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the Marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresee as much," exclaimed his Majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, Sire."

"So we are, Marchioness; but the best thing we can do is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dash of West India rum. Then you can beg me

to taste them, and offer me some of those preserves cherries and prunes that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Aurore."

"And Monsieur de Meneval; and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the Marchioness, in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror's repose.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, Sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, Sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other: the Marquis at one o'clock precisely; the Baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the Marchioness finished, the valet, who had announced the King, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "allow Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, Sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury him self with his wife on his estate of Concorde, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, Sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The result is my concern." And the King got up, taking his dog and his gun, and once again he beheld a scowling, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, Sire?" asked the Marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush, Marchioness!"

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

II.

The Marquis was a charming cavalier; tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The Marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss; and as she begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself:

"Decidedly, I believe that the test is useless; it is Monsieur de Beaugency whom I love. How proud shall I be to lean upon his arm at the court fete! With what delight shall I keep long watches in the cabinet of his Excellency the Ambassador, while he is busy with his Majesty's affairs."

But after this "aside," the Marchioness resumed her gracious and coquettish air; as though the woman comprehended the mission of refined gallantry which was reserved for her seductive and delicate epoch by an indulgent Providence, that laid by its anger and its civil days for the subsequent reign.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week? why, you were here yesterday!"

"Then I must have counted the hours for ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, Marchioness."

"Perhaps so, . . . it comes naturally. . . . I am tired."

"Ah, Marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending fete."

"To be would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, Madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!"

"You are still, then, as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the serious looks of important rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of Meneval?"

"One's love cannot reasonably aim most triumphantly proved in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, Marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well born, and content not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantlemakers and chambermaids, would be an exceedingly bad chamber. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment. We were to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in morose solitude and a changeless contemplation!"

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me rather of fetes that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intercalated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. . . . Why hide one's happiness in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the Cardinal, stands still at Court. He has the King's ear, and, better still, the Countess's. He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself, Madame the Ambassadoress, treating on the dais of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne and wield

[Feb. 25, 1871.]

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one, with-out the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be con- quered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Put- tou."

"Pouh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency; "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlae. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in presence of your domestic and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, Marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. Ah! I forgot."

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the King."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, Marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not, as Courlae, be able to perform your duties as Court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will not return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlae."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the Court—I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wears me. . . . I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy ex- istence of the forgotten lady of the castle. . . ."

"What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, Marchioness—"

"Hush! it's a bargain. . . . Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the win- ter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the King, from his hiding place and through the screen, you will offer Monsieur de Beaugency the mossy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, Madame: it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying anything."

It struck two. Monsieur de Beaugency was announced. His Majesty remained snug, and shamed dead.

III.

Monsieur de Beaugency was, at all points, a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the troubadours of France in the olden time.

We cannot say whether Monsieur de Beaugency had perpetrated verse; but he loved the poets, the arts, the quiet of the fields, the sunset, the rosy dawn, the breeze sighing through the foliage, the low and mysterious tones of the harp, sounding at eve from the light bark shooting over the blue waters of the Loire—all things, in short, that harmonize with that melodious concert of the heart which passes by the name of love.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well-earned retirement, far from those en- vious lookers-on who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who deem their envy under cloak of a philo- sophic scepticism.

He trembled as he entered the Marchi- oness's boudoir. He remained standing be- fore her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, embold- ened by the solemnity of this coveted inter- view, he spoke to her of his love with a poetic sympathy and an unpretentious warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself:

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from the unfortunate intermeddler, the interference of the mock- ing attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the King, and thus addressed the Baron:

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affec- tion?"

"All that man can do."

The Baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Beaugency, sor- rowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to everything, and achieve everything."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen: I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the King's god-daughter. I have begged or him an embas- sy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Beaugency, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your exequency, the Ambassador to Prussia, will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Re- flect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Beaugency; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders; to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embas- sy."

"Never mind!" said she, trembling for joy, and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the Baron by the right hand door, as she had handed out the Marquis by the left, and then said to herself:

"I shall be prettily embarrassed, if Mon- sieur de Beaugency should consent to send his days at Courlae!"

Thereupon the King removed the screen and reappeared.

His Majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereupon he had placed the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive, Sir, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back ac- cordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished Marchioness.

"But, Sir, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided, then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Beaugency loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the King, pointing to the violet, which entered with a note from the Marquis. "We'll soon see."

The widow opened the note and read:—

Madam, I love you—Heaven is my wit- ness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the King. My life, my blood are his. I cannot without forfeit of my loyalty abandon his service."

"Et cetera," chimed in the King, "as was observed by the Abbe Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur de Beaugency."

Monsieur de Beaugency entered, and was greatly troubled to see the King in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his Majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the Marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the Marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent am- bassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the Marchi- oness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the King peeled the second orange and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the Baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the Marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the Baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will per- form a very agreeable service. In all this I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sav- or."

And yet they will have it that I am a selfish monarch!"

"It is the belief of Emerson that 'every one can do his best thing easiest.'"

"Signal for a baroque—Puff a dog's tail."

"Lun-genius—A hotel clerk."

"There are about two hundred post- masters in the United States."

"To give a man a musical name—Call him a flat."

"COULD NOT INTERFERE.—When Frederick the Great was memorialized to ex- pectate the philosopher Wolff, on account of his not being orthodox in be- lieved, the King returned the memorial with this en- dorsement:—"If said Wolff lives according to my laws, he can remain in my kingdom. If, as it is alleged, he takes upon himself to quarrel with the Lord, I cannot interfere. The Lord is able to settle all his quarrels without any interference by a poor mortal like myself."

"The rising generation 'age' rapidly in Detroit. A mature specimen, eight years old, was hunting around the police stations for a stray father the other night. "You see," he remarked, with exultation, "the gov- ernment's a little wild yet, but he'd grow out of it."

"They tell of a farmer in Kentucky who was so lazy that when he went to hoe corn, he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants."

"A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his moustache. The barber says he didn't see it."

"Hard Case, Esq., edits a paper in Il- linois."

"Hay, Pomp, where you get dat new hat?"

"Way, at de shop, ob course."

"What de price ob such a work ob art as dat?"

"Dunno, Sam—dunno; de shopman want t' say."

"The pistol used by Henry Clay in his duel with John Randolph at Little Falls, on the Potomac, April 8, 1820, is on exhibition in the rooms of an East Broadway (New York) club. On the occasion of that duel the ball from Mr. Clay's pistol passed through the shirt of Mr. Randolph's coat. Mr. Randolph, however, fired his pistol in the air, chivalrously saying to his antagon- ists, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay."

"The government of Madagascar has certainly taken time by the forelock. Gold ore having been found in that island, it at once prohibited the search for more, and we may be sure ordered what was found to be thrown away. The reason is that "if gold is discovered in remunerat- ing quantities there will be such a rush of Europeans to the country as will dispossess the native inhabi- tants."

"An Illinois liquor-seller keeps a tem- perance-pledge behind his bar, and does all in his power to induce his customers to sign it, even to the extent of giving them bad whiskey when they insist upon having their drinks."

"It is estimated that nine inches of dry snow on the ground is equal to one inch of water."

"A lady in Chicago estimates her club-going expenses at \$1,587 65 a year. And this recalls an observation made by a minister of this city, that "it took \$20,000 worth of horse-flesh to get his co-gregation together."

"An eloquent divine of Sheboygan county, Wisconsin, has won and wedded a female in the state prison, and the local paper announces that "the friends of the bride were opposed to the alliance." Such aristocratic class distinctions are surely out of place in a re-public."

"A Boston grocer, who excited the ire of one of his customers by presenting at his house his bill for goods rendered, was waited upon soon after by a daughter of the debtor, who said: "I wish you wouldn't come with that bill when father's home—it makes him nervous to be dunned." The grocer apologized."

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Unrivalled as a toilet requisite, it possesses a delicacy of fragrance comparable to that of the finest oil. Its merits as a durable perfume for the handkerchief make it far preferable to the numerous cheap ex- tracts so much in vogue. Price One Dollar per Bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.

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Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the treat- ment of his patients, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is rapidly becoming known to the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX HUNDRED GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LINCOLN or collar suit, while still greater numbers of eminent divines are, by their aid, filling important positions, and gradually converting their mistakes.

All Gentlemen "PALMER LINCOLN" have the same of the inventor's office.

Pneumonia, which contains the New System for a long time, and full information for persons in want of books, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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\$150 A MONTH EMPLOYMENT EX- TRA INDUCEMENT.

A premium HOME and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ Agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye Sewing Machine. It makes a stitch with both sides, and is the best low priced Sewing Machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Missouri. jan17-1y

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WE WILL PAY AGENTS a salary of \$35 per week, or allow large commission to sell our new invention. Address J. W. FLETCHER & CO., Marshall, Mich. feb18-1m

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FREE TO BOOK AGENTS. We will send a handsome prospectus of our New Illustrated Family Bible containing over 200 Scrip- tures in relation to our Book A. and free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 100, New York City. dec17-1m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Plumbers as Philosophers.
Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose quality is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest day, my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find upon arrival that they had forgotten some indispensable tool; and one would, of course, go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it; and his comrade would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to be very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. We had they any of that impatient hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed anything of the kind. They are often to be seen. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only who was some work he could do for them by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job, you are perpetually driven—the hours are scarce. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscure a rusty, refractory nut, in a cramped position, where the tools continually slipped off, would sweat; but I never heard one of them sweat, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the sight of time seems to his calm mind!

A Postscript to Jury.
Mr. Charles M. Lee was a well-known criminal lawyer of Rochester, N. Y. He summed up a case with a superfluity of gesture, and an affluence of perspiration, that would have astonished even John Graham in his vehement and melting moods. Lee was defending an old revolutionary soldier for passing a forged promissory note for some thirty dollars. There was hardly the faintest doubt of his guilt; but Lee contrived to get before the jury that the prisoner, then a dare-devil boy of nineteen, was one of the storming party that followed Mad Anthony Wayne in his desperate night assault upon Stony Point, and helped to carry the wounded general into the fort during that terrible fray. In summing up, Lee, after getting over the ugly points of the evidence as he best could, then undertook to carry the jury by escalation, on the ground of the prisoner's revolutionary services. He described in graphic language the bloody attack on Stony Point, the impetuous valor of Wayne, the daring exploit of his client, and wound up with this stunning interrogatory: "Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to State Prison, for passing a contemptible thirty dollar forged note, an old hero of three hundred and ten, who, in his youth, cheered the heart of his country in the darkest hour of the Revolution, by storming Stony Point?"

This was a power. The chins of some of the jury quivered, but the foreman, a bluff farmer, put on an air which seemed to say, that storming Stony Point was a good thing enough in its line, but what had it to do with this forged note? After being out a couple of hours, the jury returned to the court-room, when the clerk went through the regular formation of guilty or not guilty.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point," thundered the stalwart foreman, who, it was afterwards learned, was the last to come to an agreement.

The audience applauded, the clerk rapped to order, the District Attorney objected to the recording of the verdict, and the Judge sent the jury out again, telling the foreman, he a rather shrewd one, that they had found an unconditional verdict of guilty or not guilty. After an absence of a few minutes they returned, when the foreman rendered a simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped into his seat:

"It was a good thing, though, Judge, for the old revolutionary ones that he stormed Stony Point."

The Heavens Chime.
We copy from a Western paper the following resolutions which Mr. Henderson has introduced in the Legislature of Oregon: Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed to die in this state until he has paid \$10 for a new pair of boots with which to kick the boot.

SEC. 2. Any Chinaman dying under this act shall be buried six feet under ground.

SEC. 3. Any Chinaman who attempts to dig up another Chinaman's bones shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay \$4.

SEC. 4. Any dead Chinaman who attempts to dig up his own bones, without giving due notice to the Secretary of State, shall be fined \$100.

SEC. 5. Any Chinaman who shall be born without bones, for the purpose of willfully and feloniously evading the provisions of this act, shall be fined \$500.

The following words actually formed the peroration to the counsel's plea for his client in an ancient and better case in Alabama: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gaudle is not guilty."



SHOPMAN.—"Shoelace? Yes, m'm: allow me to recommend these, m'm.—remarkable endowments—made o' perjury skin!"

LADY.—"Good gracious! Is that what they do with them? Well, I have heard of cravats in workhouses: but shoelaces of paupers' skin!"

THE TWILIGHT PORCH.

BY JOHN W. OVERALL.

I would batten to-night a ton of gold
For an hour of the love-life days of old,
When the cool south wind in its flow and float,
Just from the tropic's fragrant throat,
Rooked the leaves of the summer trees
As it rocks the boats of the Mexican sea.

As I sit alone in the porch to-night,
In the self same chair and the dim twilight,
I miss the voice of a gentle girl,
And the touch of an overhanging eurl;
The trust that knew no shock or check,
The clinging arms around my neck,
And the eyes that said when bent on me,
God marries, you know, the wise to the tree.

I thought just then as I looked on her
With the pride of a human worshipper,
That the Sultan might search the Orient land
From the Golden Horn to Samarcand,
And send his spies where the snows caress
The mountain tops of the white Cherkess,
And none could be found as fair as she
Who stood on the twilight porch with me.

I sometimes think when I pass away
In the hazy light of a summer day,
Home on the wings of a scorching wind
To the silvery light of the Summer Land,
That when in the midst of the spirits there,
Though their eyes be blue and their faces fair,
And the songs they sing be sweeter than
Young Mozart's song in the Vatican,
I should turn away to the realms below
Where your blue eyes beam and your sweet lips glow,
And sigh for the touch of the little hands
That cooled my brow like fairy fans,
Or stealthily crept along my sleeve,
In the dim twilight of a summer eve,
Till they lay just under my chin as white
As snow that gleams in an Arctic night!

I know I should long for the chair that stood
In the twilight-porch; and the womanhood
That made you come with your velvet feet,
And your lay like words, soothing and sweet,
Your coaxing eyes, and the delicate arts
That men most love in their queen of hearts,
And fold your hands just under my chin
And ask my heart to let you in!

Yes, I know full well that the scorching band
On the beautiful plains of the Summer Land
Would miss me when I thought of you,
The snow-flake arms and the eyes of blue,
The sweet meek face and the human tricks,
Where Art and Nature so intermix
That none save Love could tell us one
Where the girl left off and the woman begun!

Ah! sweet, should I leave you here,
I would wander away from the spirit sphere
And be with you when the scorching band
Would want me up in the Summer Land!
That in spite of a sweeter world than this,
I might startle the joy for a human kiss,
While the faintest spirit would gaze and grieve.

As your hands stole stealthily up my sleeve,
Till folded and resting just under my chin,
You asked my heart to let you in.

Farmer Speedwell's Pudding.
Old John Speedwell was a well-to-do farmer, living in the Western part of Vermont.

His family consisted of his wife Phoebe, two sons, Amos and Jim, and two daughters, Reliance and Prudence, (which names were very appropriate, as the elder daughter was a model of reliance, and the other was prudence personified.)

The elder daughter, Reliance, was engaged to be married to a neighboring farmer, a young man whose mother had just died. In those days there was no hesitancy in bringing fresh meat every day, so at the present time; but people had to rely on their own resources for dinner; and, on the morning which opens our story, old farmer Speedwell had proposed to have some hearty pudding and milk for dinner; and, as his word was law, it was agreed upon.

After breakfast, Farmer Speedwell and his sons went to their haying, Dame Speedwell to her work, and the girls busied themselves about their domestic duties.

At the proper time Dame Speedwell made the pudding, taking care to salt it well, as she knew her husband liked a good deal of salt, hung it over the fire, and went up stairs to put the winter clothing in camp.

It was only a few moments before Reliance came into the kitchen, when, seeing the pudding cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt and stirred it well, so that her father would not have occasion to find fault.

Soon after, Prudence passed through the kitchen, and, reasoning the same as Re-

liance had, she also added a handful of salt, and went about her work again.

Before long, Amos entered to get a jug of molasses and water, and soon after, Jim, each of whom put in a handful more of salt, as they had no more faith in their mother's remembering it than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner, Farmer Speedwell returned from work, and when he saw the pudding cooking, said:

"That pudding smells all-fired good, but I'll bet a sixpence wife's forgot to salt it, as she always does. I need to depend upon Reliance, till she get her head checked full of that young man o' hers; but I can't reckon on her thinkin' on't now; and as to Prudence, she is so cautious she would not dare to salt it anyhow; so I guess I'll salt it myself," and, suiting the action to the word, he put in a handful and a half of salt, stirring it well in.

Twelve o'clock came, and they were all seated at the table, when Farmer Speedwell helped himself to a good share of the pudding, and took a mouthful; but he sooner said he tasted it than he leaped up, exclaiming:

"Who salted this 'ere pudding?" then recollecting that he salted it himself, he left the room, saying: "I should think that thundering cow was trying to kick through the barn floor!"

The next who tried it was Amos, who leaped up also, and left "to see what that cow was doing!"

Then followed Reliance and Prudence and Jim, who, each and all, escaped on some pretense, leaving Dame Speedwell in amazement, to realize the truth of the old adage: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Bismarck.

His dress, like his policy, is somewhat defiant and reckless. A contempt for appearance is shown even in his hat and necktie. "Something about him," says M. Bamberger, one of his keenest French critics, "reminds one of that mixture of insolence and good humor—the German student—with his pompous, pugnacious, jovial, and yet, in the inner recesses of his soul, somewhat sentimental nature." There is good deal of crafty shrewdness and prompt dexterity in Count Bismarck's looks. A gleam of the sardonic and malign mien an apparent frankness. The features are strongly marked with good nature and with firmness. The pouches under his eyes tell of a stormy youth, and of the Teutonic potations for which the astute Minister was once renowned at students' feasts. That fair bald man with the bunchy mustache has the air of a nobleman and a courtier, but there are still in him traces of that temper that galls his opponents, and which, in 1849, led the Count to challenge the editor of the *Kladderatsch* (the Berlin Punch), a paper to which he was afterwards supposed to contribute shafts on the Austrian diplomat. Count Bismarck is no orator, but he rules his audience by the vigor of his thoughts. One of his admirers described him, in 1866, as having a clear and audible, but a dry, unimpassioned, and monotonous voice. He stops frequently, and interrupts himself, sometimes even he stutters in his struggles for words to match his thoughts. His attitudes and gestures are awkward and uneasy. But as he warms he conquers one by one all these defects, attains greater lucidity and precision, and often rises to a well-delivered, vigorous—sometimes too vigorous—peroration. Later, power and success have given him confidence; his words still come fitfully and reluctantly, but there is a certain charm to the listener, as, as it were, seeing the forging of the speaker's thoughts; his slowness and earnestness give a greater weight to his speeches than rapid fluency could secure.

"Sometimes," says M. Bamberger, "he presents his subject in sharp, happy touches, pressing into his service similes from real life with wonderful accuracy, and in a completely unprepared kind of way, overlooking stern reality. It should be added that his style, although very quiet, is not deficient in imagery. His bright and clear intellect does not despise coloring any more than his strong constitution is free from nervous irritability." He talks like an ancient Roman, with infinite vigor and nerve, and with epigrammatic picturesqueness. What could be more terrible, yet strong, than his avowed resolve to "let Paris live in her own gray!" How cleverly he retorted on Jules Favre, who had called Bismarck "the key of the house," with the question, "Which house?" What could be more delicious than the quiet irony with which he described his conversation with the same gentleman? "We began by reviewing the characteristics of past ages." Here, for once, is a German bitterly practical.—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

How to Load a Wagon.
Some three or four weeks ago the question was asked whether a wagon should be loaded heavier on the hind than on the front wheels. I propose a scientific elucidation of the subject, which will prove that the load should be heavier on the hind wheels, in the proportion of their diameter to the diameter of the front wheels.

A wheel is a lever, whose long arm, theoretically, is the distance from the ground to the centre of the axle; the short arm is a pivot; but, practically, it is impossible to construct a lever of such proportions. Hence, in calculating the advantage of the lever, a wheel or a lever, allowances must be made for the size of the axle, and for friction dependent on size, other things being equal. Without going into too elaborate a discussion, it will be sufficient to say in general terms that the power gained by a wagon wheel is in proportion to its semi-diameter, and hence that the load on a wagon should be placed proportionately to the diameters of the front and hind wheels.

Suppose the front wheels are four feet, and the hind wheels five feet in diameter; then five-sixths of the load should rest on the hind wheels and four-sixths on the front wheels.—*Cor Rural New Yorker.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Accounts.

The beginning of the year suggests recommending to farmers the taking an inventory of their estates, embracing their real estate, stock, tools, hay, grain, cash notes, bonds, etc., and also some systematic mode of keeping their accounts. This is comparatively a season of leisure with farmers, and such an inventory will not occupy much time. If the days are so much crowded with other pursuits that leisure cannot be found for writing and figuring, surely the long winter evenings cannot be better occupied than in ascertaining how we stand with the world, whether the new year finds us in an improved or deteriorated condition. If we are making progress, we shall be glad to know it, and shall go forward with all the more courage; if we are falling behind, we certainly ought to know it, that we may reform our plans and change our course before we get hopelessly involved.

If we should be asked what is the great hindrance to the advancement of ordinary farmers, we should reply, the want of some systematic plan in their labors, especially the want of some systematic mode of keeping their farm accounts. If we ask them the cost of raising 100 bushels of corn, or making 100 lbs. of pork, not one in a thousand can give an answer based on actual figures. They guess a bushel of corn costs so much, but their guessing is often wide of the truth. The great majority of farmers cannot tell the net income of their farms, and hardly know whether they are progressing, standing still, or retrograding. If a merchant or a manufacturer should conduct his business in this shiften way, we should expect him to fail, and the reason would be that he does not more frequently fail is that their business is comparatively limited. They live mainly within themselves. The farm supports the family, and the family takes care of the farm. They would find their interest in farming as well as their skill and profit greatly to increase if they would adopt some mode of ascertaining how much this and that crop costs, and cultivate such crops and rear such animals as are found by actual calculation to pay the best.

How are we to decide what branches of farming are the most profitable unless the figures of the farm account show us? Shall we guess whether it is better to make butter or cheese, or sell our milk; or shall we know definitely about these points? The question is sometimes mooted whether eastern farmers had better raise their own corn or buy it of their Illinois neighbors. How can this question be decided, unless we know how much it costs to raise a bushel of corn?

Whoever makes accurate experiments and keeps accurate accounts, not only benefits himself but the public. We know there are many circumstances to be considered in estimating the cost of raising crops and feeding stock; and with the greatest accuracy of observation, the results of farm experiments are often only approximations to the truth, but whoever labors even for these approximations is a public benefactor. The general principles of practical agriculture can never be established till we have more of these accurate experiments on which to base them.

As we hear the discussions of farmers at their club meetings and in their boards of agriculture, we are struck with the different conclusions to which different persons come, because of their limited observation and their haphazard mode of jumping at results without knowing the figures. It is a great pleasure to listen to a farmer, when we know him to be a close observer and to keep a record of what he does. His ounce of facts is worth a pound of opinions from another man who keeps no such record. His farm almost invariably shows that it is fertilized with brains.

Many seem to suppose that it is a great burden to write down in the evening the results of the day. They can handle a crowbar or a plough for ten hours, but ten minutes' work with a pen is an Herculean labor. This is a mere imaginary lion in the way of keeping accounts. It only wants resolution to undertake the work, and a little practice will make it easy. Possibly the task may be devolved on some young member of the family, whose fingers are not unused to the pen or stiffened by hard work. A general farm account should be kept, in which the farm is charged with all its expenses and credited with all its receipts. Besides this general farm account, a more minute record should be kept of each crop, charging with all the labor, manure, seed, etc., and crediting it with all the returns, whether sold or used in the family. Such a book will prove a treasure of wisdom to every farmer who keeps it.

When we can see farmers generally keeping accurate farm accounts, we shall expect to see an age of advanced agriculture. Facts are stubborn things, and figures do not lie, and in these farm records we shall find the facts and figures on which the science of agriculture may be built securely.—*Country Gentleman.*

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Suppose the front wheels are four feet, and the hind wheels five feet in diameter; then five-sixths of the load should rest on the hind wheels and four-sixths on the front wheels.—*Cor Rural New Yorker.*

Items.

—English gardeners have successfully used strips of India rubber in the place of grafting wax, being nearer, more perfect, and not soiling the fingers.

—Mr. Wilmers, of Spring, Crawford county, Pa., has a cow that has given the past year 11,854 pounds of milk, an average of 32½ pounds per day during the entire time, and all this without any extra care. Such a cow is a very extraordinary milker. The breed is not given.

—A correspondent of the Southern Farmer says, that having tried many remedies for the destruction of vermin on fowls, he finds nothing so effective as a small piece of lard rubbed on the back and under each wing. He has cured hens in one day that were unable to stand up on account of the ravages of lice.

—If your colts are hard to get into the barn, after their daily exercise, let them find a few oats in their manger after coming in, and that trouble is over.

—The Southern states furnished their quota of pea-nuts last season as follows:—Virginia, 400,000 bushels; Tennessee, 300,000 bushels, and Georgia and the Carolinas, from 153,000 to 2,000,000 bushels.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 21, 10, is an insect.
My 3, 15, 9, 18, 1, 14, is a county in Louisiana.
My 18, 17, 20, 19, is a part of the body.
My 18, 10, 7, 22, 9, 2, is a town in Arkansas.
My 18, 15, 1, 6, is very useful.
My 14, 12, 11, 8, 7, is a county in Mississippi.
My 6, 15, 21, 13, is used by aged people.
My 2, 22, 8, 19, 18, is a river in France.
My 18, 4, 9, 17, is a scene in summer time.
My whole is an old proverb. MINNIE.

Double Hobnob.

The daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Diana.
A city in France.
The soft part of fruit.
A fruit which grows in warm climates.
The heroine of a well-known nursery tale.
A French word signifying weariness.
A nickname of General Israel Putnam.
A town in Asia.
A character in Maebeth.
A god in Scandinavian mythology.
A well-known seaside resort.
A famous vessel of Grecian tradition.
A celebrated Grecian prince.

A city in Denmark.
A celebrated Highland freebooter.
A character in Dickens's "Bleak House."
A mountain in Massachusetts.
My initials for the name of a celebrated commander, and my final one of his military expeditions. ALEXIE.

Anagrams.

Widened breast thy storm!
Ten out all haste—down side;
He, press him down knee!
Was woe-worn of his knee!

RUODOLF.

Average Problem.

Determine the average area of all the circles that can be drawn in a triangle whose sides are 26, 28, and 30 feet.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

Q. Why do sailors always have fresh eggs at sea? Ans.—Because the captain can lay to (two) as often as he pleases.

Q. What are those things which, though they appear twice in every day, and twice in every week, yet are only seen twice in a year? Ans.—Vowels.

Q. Why is a cab horse the most miserable of all created beings? Ans.—Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is w-o-a.

Q. Why do monkeys in small menageries cages die so soon? Ans.—Because they have been used to better climates (climes).

Q. When are soldiers like writers for the press? Ans.—When they charge by the column.

Q. ZOOLOGICAL.—Which animal is a good boatman? The ro-buck. Which is often elected to office? The mare. Which makes a good light? The tapir. Which is most used by cooks? The spider.

Answers to Last.

SHAKSPEREAN ENIGMA.—Things without remedy should be without regard. MID-DELE.—Stripes, strip, trip, trips, rips, rips, rips. RELIUS.—David Copperfield, David Copperfield, Venice, Inisfail, Demeter, Cinderella, Oberon, Paris, Peter the Great, Elaine, Robin Hood, Forti Thieves, India, Rocablar, Lochinvar, Don Quixote.)

RECIPT.

CRACKER MINCE PIE.—Roll three crackers and cook them in one-half cup sugar filled with water, add three spoonfuls of boiled cider (or two of good vinegar), one-half cup of molasses, salt, pepper, spice, and raisins as for mince pie.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Take five or six large, mealy potatoes (peachblows are best) and slice them lengthwise, about one-fifth of an inch in thickness, throwing the slices into cold water as they are cut. Have ready a deep giddle on the fire in which cornmeal or rice drippings have been melted; lay the slices in separately, and sprinkle them with salt. Fry them to a nice brown on one side, then turn and brown the other. Try them with a fork, and as soon as one piece is thoroughly done dip it in batter and return it to the giddle. By the time the last piece is dipped the first will need turning. As soon as the fritters are browned on both sides, lay them on a heated dish and put some on the giddle. They need constant attention to keep them from becoming too crisp or burned. Half a teacupful of sweet milk, one egg, a little salt, and flour enough to make it of the consistency of pound-cake, is a good recipe for the batter. Apply salted and cooked in the same manner, and eaten with sugar, make a good dessert.

HOW TO COOK OLD FOWLS.—For the possible benefit to some other young housekeepers, I wish to tell them how to cook an old chicken. Prepare as for roasting, then boil three hours in a covered pot, with one quart of water, to which add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; after which put into a pan in a hot oven for about one hour to brown.

The liquor in the pot to be prepared for gravy; should the water boil away too much, more should be added. The result is, the meat is as tender as young chicken, and some think richer and better.—*Ohio Farmer.*

LIQUID SAUCE.—1 cup of sugar and 1 cup of butter, rubbed to a cream. Then stir in the well-beaten white of 1 egg. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon. Just before bringing to the table add 1 cup of boiling water.